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JULY
NO. 10
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DYNAMIC MAN

SLEEP-RAY
PROJECTOR

A WHOLE CITY FALLING ASLEEP! BUS DRIVERS, FACTORY WORKERS, PEOPLE ON THE STREET—MILLIONS OF SOULS CAUGHT IN A WEIRD SPELL OF DEEP SLEEP! AND AMONG THEM STRIDES THE SLEEP KING, LOOTING WITH NO ONE TO STOP HIM! NO ONE --- EXCEPT DYNAMIC MAN! AND HE NEEDS ALL HIS POWER TO CHALLENGE THE DREAD TALENTS OF THE SLEEP KING!

A BUSY CITY STREET.

BUS STOP

SUDDENLY, EVERYONE
GROWS SLEEPY...



GOTTA SIT
DOWN...
TIRED...
Z-Z-Z-Z.

WHAT THE
DEUCE? I'M
SO SLEEPY--
EEE-AWN!

THE
ENTIRE CITY
GOES SOUND
ASLEEP!

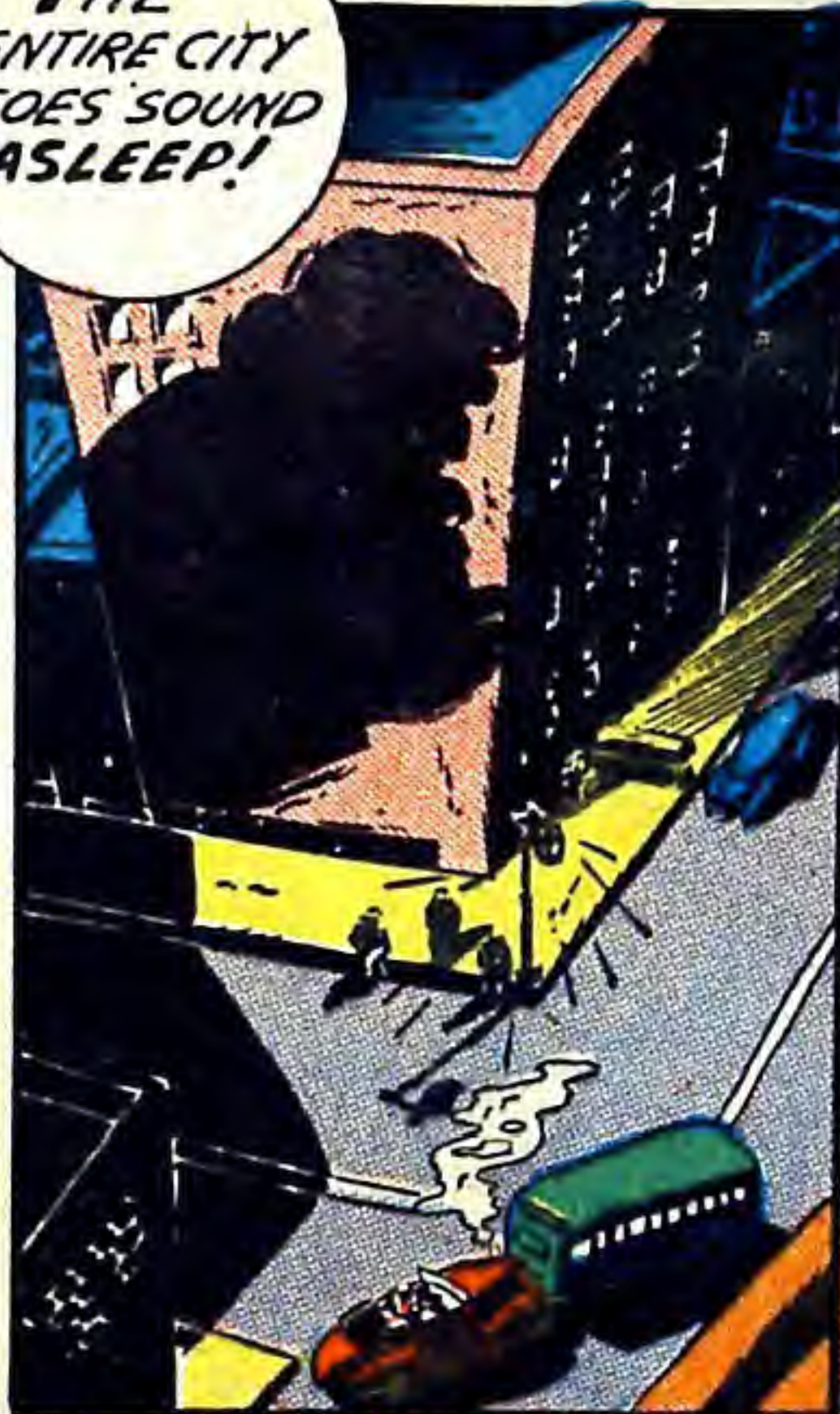
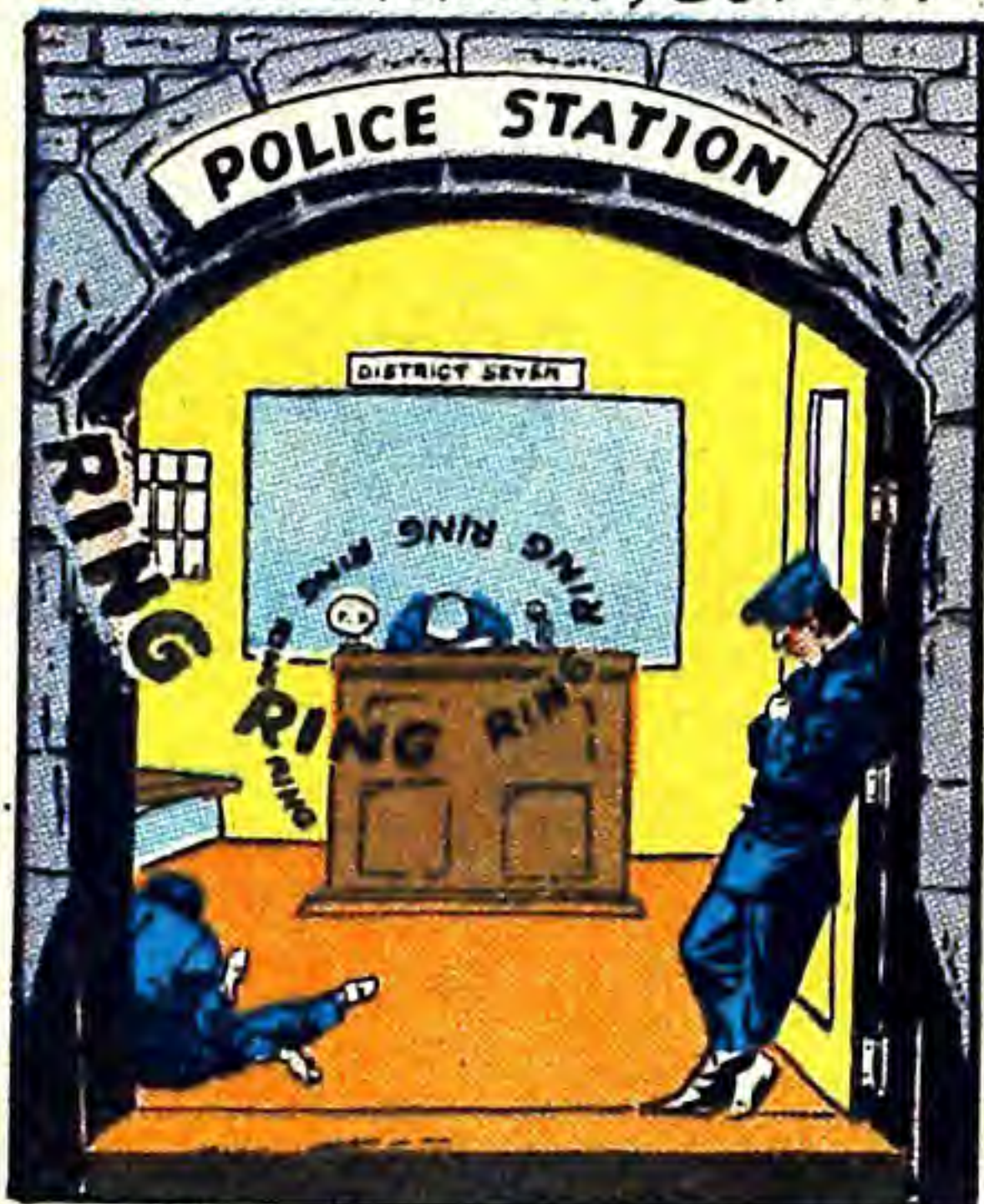
A BUS DRIVER FALLS ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL--



AND SOON AN EVIL
FIGURE TREADS
AMONG THE CITY OF
SLEEPERS--

LOOK AT THEM
ALL--ASLEEP! I'VE
MADE THEM ALL
RIP VAN WINKLES!
HA HA HA!

THE ALARM RINGS AT THE
POLICE STATION, BUT....



THE STIMULANT
WILL WAKEN THE
CONVICTS.



HUH?
UH?

INSIDE THE CITY JAIL--



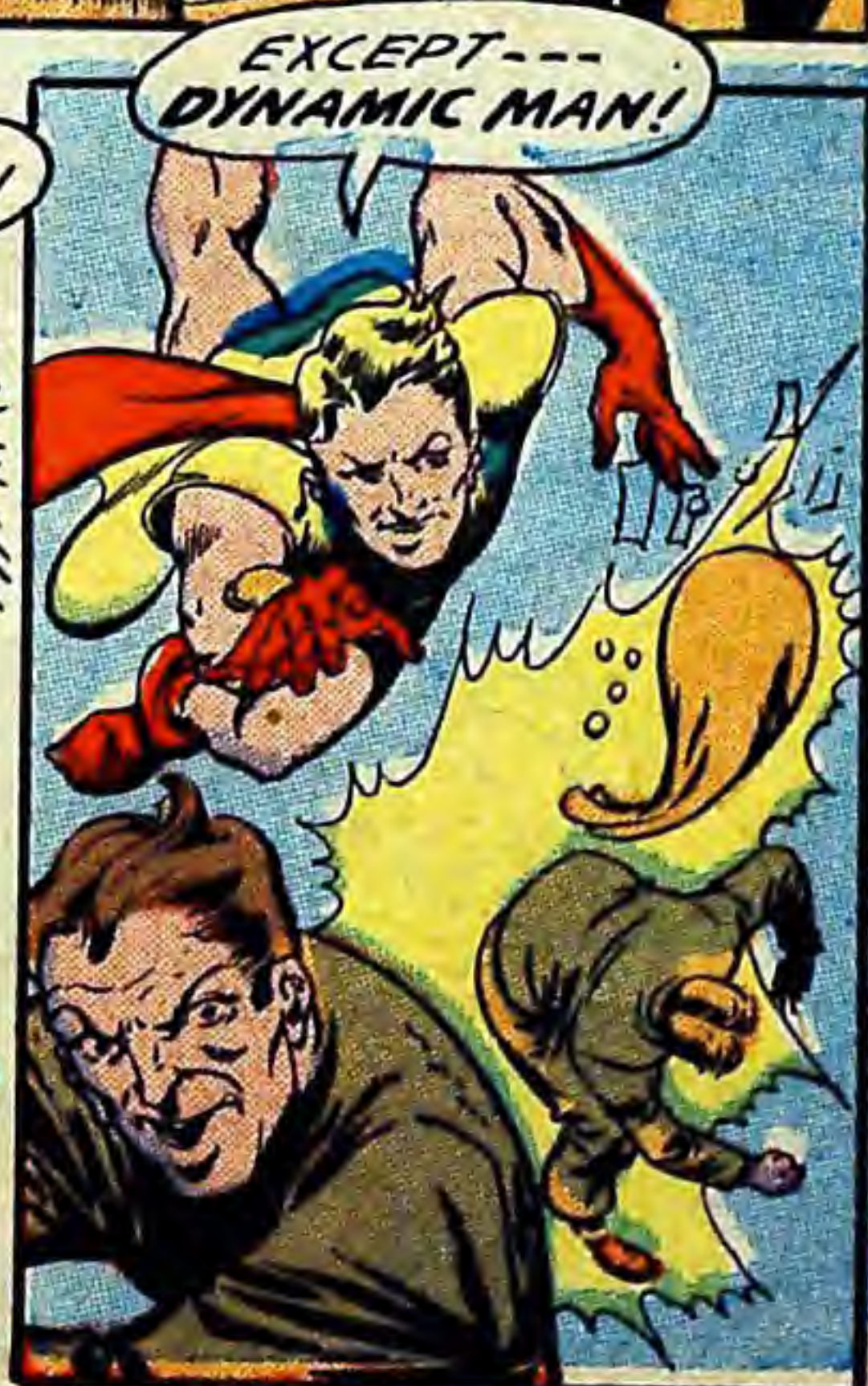
I NEED
HENCHMEN.

LISTEN! I'M THE
SLEEP KING! I'VE
RELEASED YOU FROM
SLEEP THAT HOLDS
ALL OTHERS! WILL
YOU DO MY
BIDDING?

YEAH!

OKAY,
BOSS!







YOU CAN
GIVE IT--

NOW WHO'S
BEHIND THIS?
HOW WAS
EVERYBODY
PUT TO SLEEP?

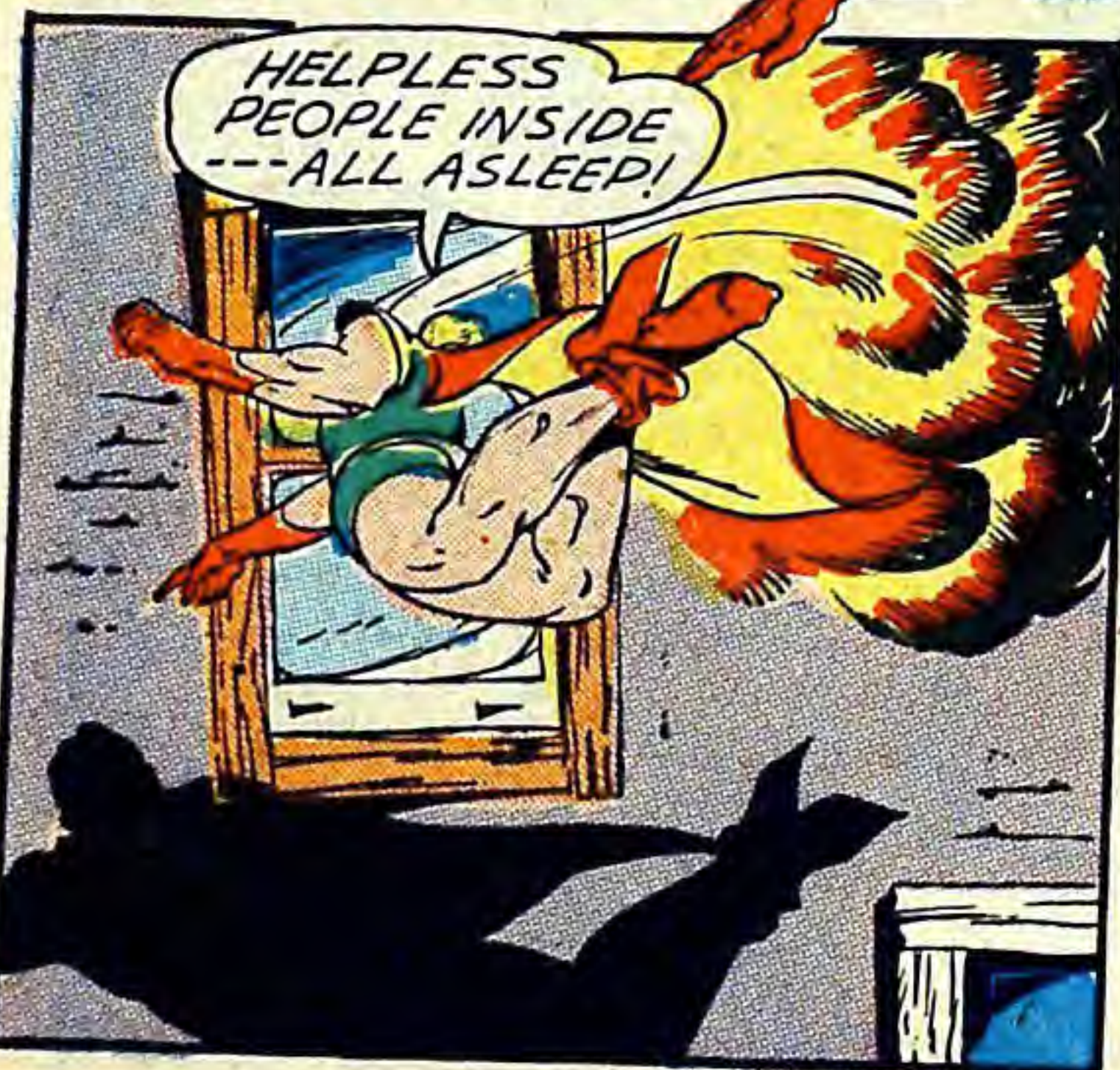
I--I DON'T KNOW,
S'HELP ME!
WE DON'T KNOW
WHO THE SLEEP
KING IS! WE
DON'T KNOW
NOTHING! WE
JUST OBEY ORDERS!



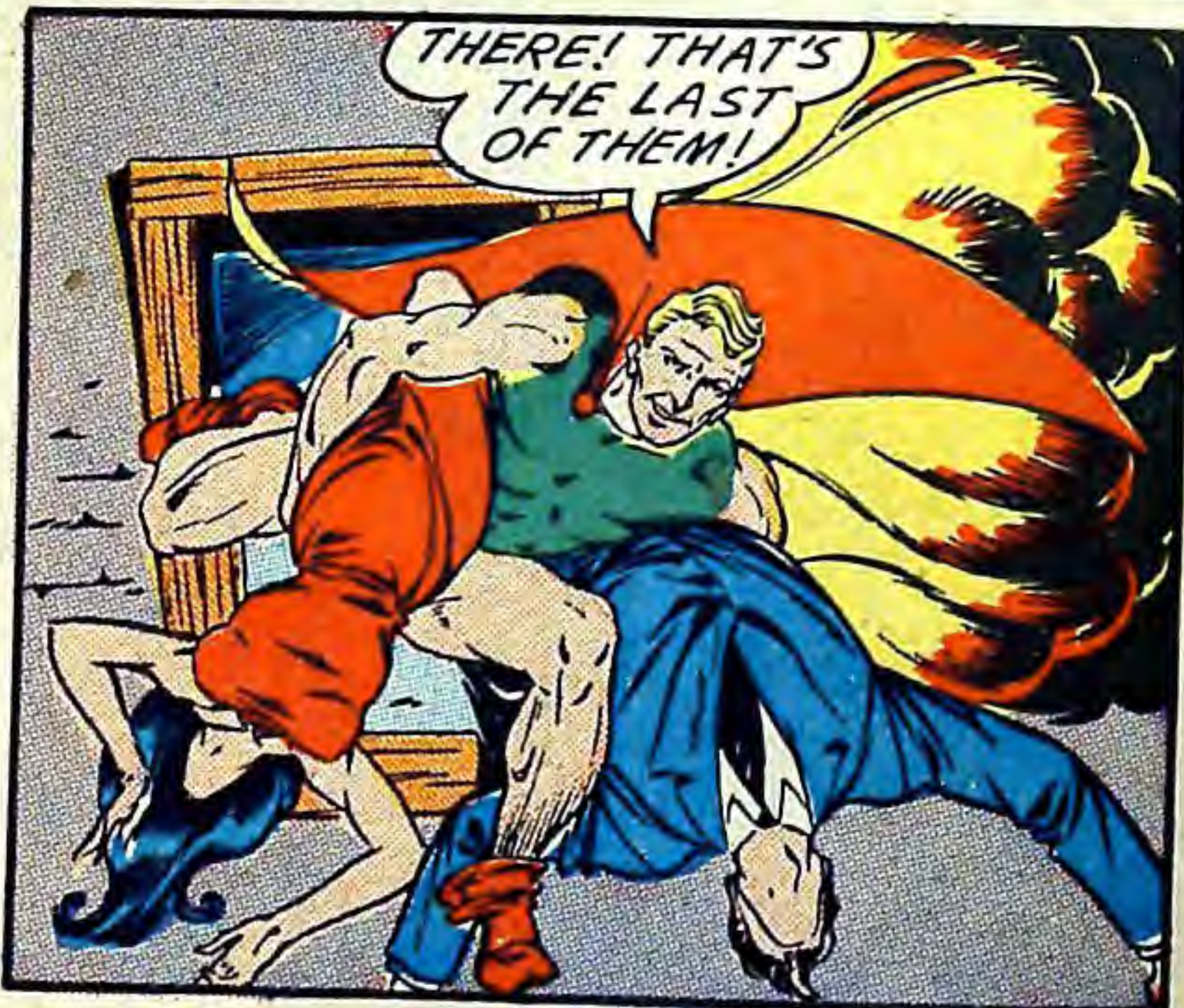
BUT CAN YOU
TAKE IT?



A FIRE BROKE OUT!
AND ALL FIREMEN
ARE ASLEEP TOO!
I'D BETTER GET
ON THE JOB
MYSELF!



HELPLESS
PEOPLE INSIDE
--- ALL ASLEEP!



THERE! THAT'S
THE LAST
OF THEM!

NOW I LOST
THE SLEEP
KING'S TRAIL
EH?

WAIT, DYNAMIC
MAN! I HAVE
A CLUE!



YOU DIDN'T
FALL ASLEEP
LIKE ALL THE
OTHERS?

NO. I SUFFER
WITH
INSOMNIA.
I'M PEABODY
SIMMS, A SCHOLAR.
LOOK... I'VE
FOUND A CLUE!



I GET IT! THE
SLEEP KING
GOT HIS IDEAS
FROM THESE
BOOKS! HE'S
MADE EVERYONE
A RIP VAN
WINKLE.

YES! AND
I'LL BET
HIS HIDE
OUT IS AT
SLEEPY
HOLLOW.
LET'S GO
THERE!



MAYBE
YOUR HUNCH
IS RIGHT!



SEE THAT HUGE
MACHINE! IT
SHOOTS OUT
A SLEEP RAY!

HMM! YOU
STAY HERE
SIMMS! I'LL
INVESTIGATE!



NO ONE HERE
BUT THERE'S THE
MACHINE THAT
PUT THE CITY
ASLEEP!



WELL! NICE OF
YOU TO VISIT ME
DYNAMIC MAN! I
KNEW THAT SOONER
OR LATER WE'D
CROSS TRAILS!

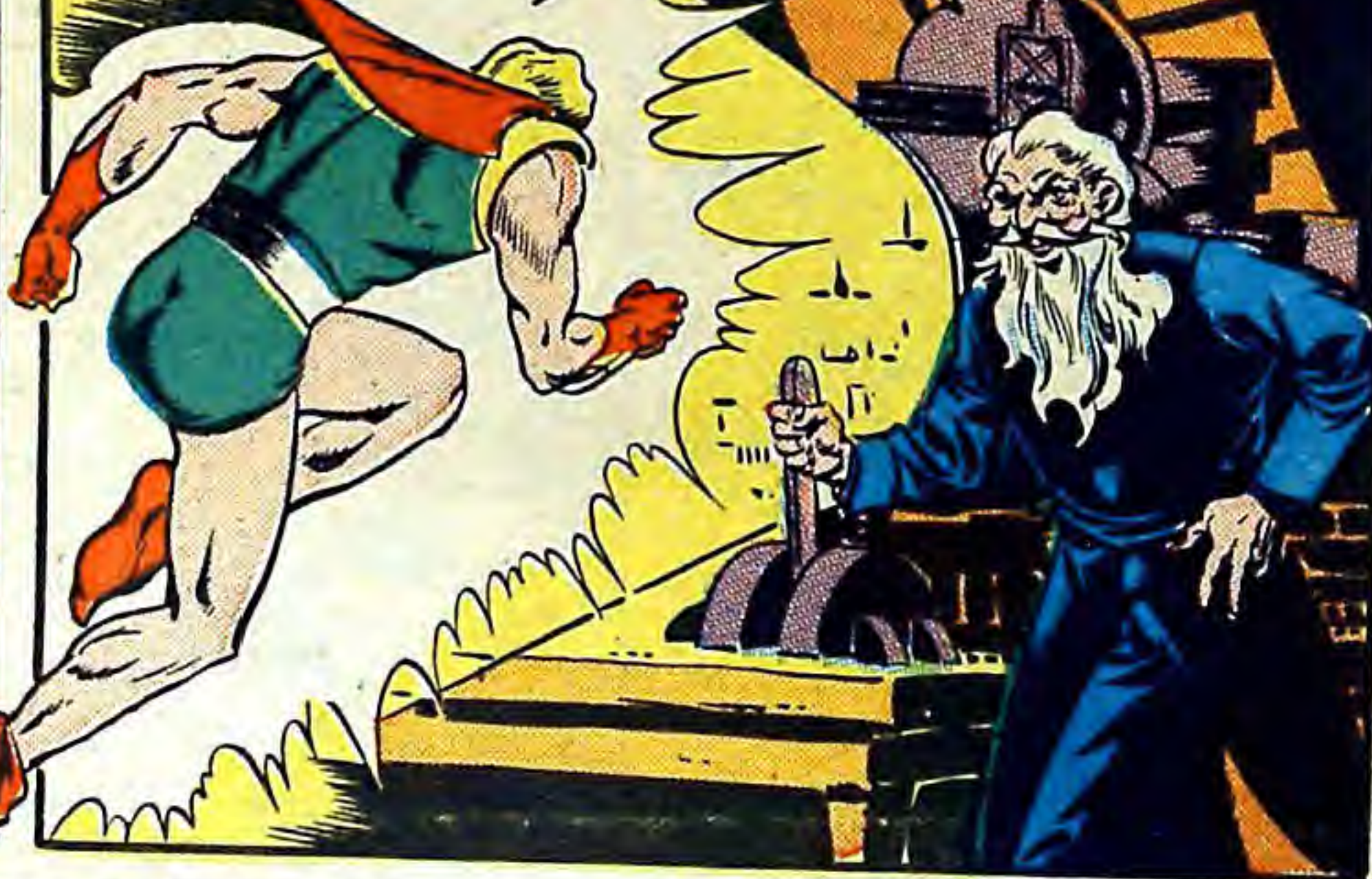


MY INVENTION WORKS ON THE ANAESTHETIC PRINCIPLE, PROJECTING A CHLOROFORM RAY. BEFORE I TURN IT OFF, THE WEALTH OF THE CITY WILL BE MINE!



NOT WHILE I'M WIDE AWAKE!

AH! BUT I HAVE A SPECIAL SLEEP RAY MADE FOR YOU!



DYNAMIC MAN FIGHTS IN VAIN TO RESIST THE FRIGHTFUL POWER OF THE RAY!

TIRED --- SLEEPY! MUST FIGHT IT-- MUST! OHHH!



NOT ASLEEP-- BUT SO TIRED! CAN'T --- MOVE--

HAA! AS LONG AS THE RAY SHINES ON YOU, YOU CAN'T OPPOSE ME!



HA, HA! GOOD WORK MEN! NOW RETURN TO THE CITY FOR MORE! WE'LL SPLIT THE SWAG WHEN IT'S ALL HERE!

YEAH BOSS WE'LL ALL BE MILLIONAIRES!



THAT RAY!-- MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK!



THE LEVER! IF ONLY I CAN GET UP ENOUGH ENERGY TO PULL IT---





UHH!
DID IT--
GASP!

THE DIABOLICAL RAY
TURNS OFF!



NOW I'M
MYSELF
AGAIN.



MY NEXT STOP--
THAT ROOF
PROJECTOR!



UPSY
DAISY!

NOW FOR THE SLEEP
KING-- WAIT! HIS
MEN ARE RETURNING
FROM THE CITY WITH
ANOTHER LOAD
OF LOOT!



RIP VAN WINKLE!
SLEEPY HOLLOW!
GIVES ME AN IDEA
THIS SCARECROWS
COAT WILL DO THE
TRICK-- AND
THAT HORSE.



BOY,
WOTTA
HAUL!

HEY! LOOK
WOT'S COMIN'
GUYS. GULP!

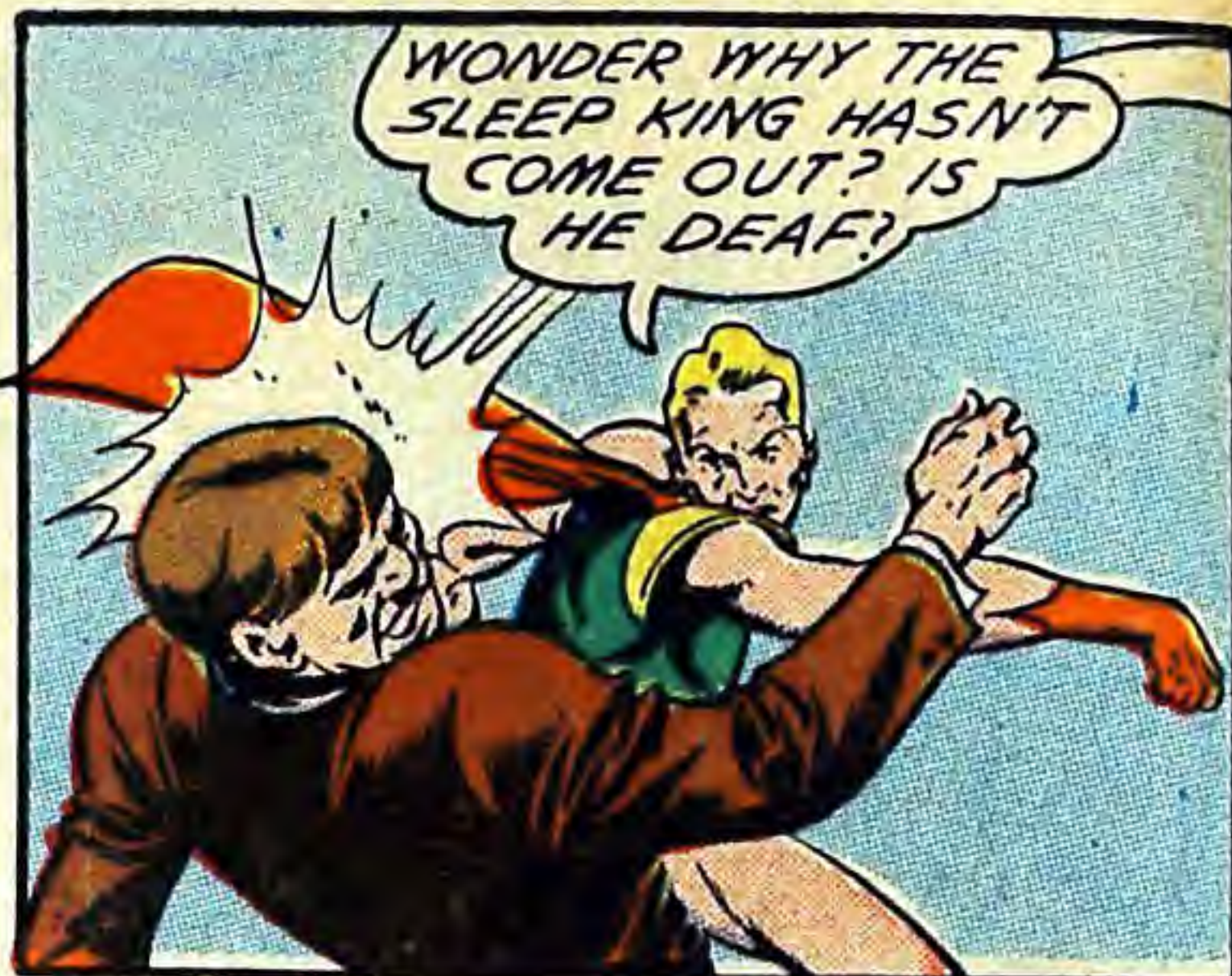


I AM THE
HEADLESS
HORSEMAN!

Y-I-I-I
HELLUP!
E-E-E-E



YOU'VE HAD A GOOD SCARE RATS-- NOW FOR THE WORKS!



WONDER WHY THE SLEEP KING HASN'T COME OUT? IS HE DEAF?



BUT SLEEP KING, COUNTING HIS ILL GOTTEN WEALTH IN THE BASEMENT IS OBLIVIOUS TO ALL ELSE.

AH AH! THE RANSOM OF KINGS! IS THAT YOU, LOUIE? DUMP YOUR LOAD ON THE FLOOR!



I'LL JUST DUMP YOU ON THE FLOOR INSTEAD!

DYNAMIC MAN-- UGH-H



PEABODY SIMMS! YOU WERE THE SLEEP KING ALL THE TIME!

YES, BLAST YOU! I SAW YOU MIGHT STOP MY MEN SO I CAME TO YOU AND LED YOU HERE INTO THAT TRAP! IF YOU HADN'T ESCAPED!



YES, BUT I DID ESCAPE! AND NOW YOU HAVE A DATE WITH A JUDGE!

MEANWHILE WITH THE SLEEP RAY PROJECTOR DESTROYED, THE CITY ONCE MORE COMES TO LIFE.



HUH? FUNNY I FELL ASLEEP LIKE THAT!

HUM! WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST FEW HOURS?



HERE'S YOUR CULPRIT! LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE HE'LL BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR TWENTY YEARS OR MORE-- IN JAIL!

THE NIGHT HAWK

"Oh," yawned Jane, as she stared at the planes that lined the airfield of the Curry Airplane Company. "Dad," she asked, "how much longer must we stay here?"

"Another hour," replied her father. "The British officials will soon arrive to take the planes."

Suddenly Jane laughed, "Dad," she said, "will you do me a favor?"

"Sure," he replied.

Jane gulped, and then a silly grin gathered in the corner of her lips, "Let me write good luck on the motors of the planes?"

"Alright," laughed her father.

Jane, her father and Jack Filan, in reality the Nighthawk, the most feared enemy of crime, walked over to the plane.

Jack watched Jane as she began to write on the hoods of the motors. Suddenly he chuckled to himself, "What a silly kid. SHE'S USING LIPSTICK!"

As Jane was busy writing, other hands were working near the northgate. A heavy club crashed down on the watchman's head, and a silent band of men entered the airfield. Silently they made their way to the hangar nearest the plane.

"What the!" exclaimed the Green Skull, leader of the intruders, as he saw Jane writing on the planes. "We got to work fast! The Nazis are waiting for these planes."

"Okay baby," he yelled, "school is closed. Put down that pencil."

Jack turned and saw the Green Skull and his gang. One of the thugs tried to hit him with a club, but Jack ducked and sent a terrific blow to the gangster's jaw sending him spinning into the others.

For a moment, Jack's sudden attack startled the thugs, and in that second Jack swiftly raced past them. "Don't worry Jane," he yelled, "I'm going for the police."

Jack dashed into a hangar, and quickly changed into his Nighthawk uniform.

As the thugs were about to board the planes and take off, there, in front of them stood a husky, masked figure.

"It's Nighthawk!" yelled the Green Skull. "Get him!"

Instantly Nighthawk charged into the gangsters sending a steady stream of blows into them. When suddenly, a heavy club crashed on his head.

It was about an hour later, that Jack came to. The planes and all were gone. "They've kidnapped Jane," he cried. "I'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!" Jack was worried. It was almost impossible to decide which way the thieves had gone, when suddenly he spied small red spots on the concrete runway. More and more of them, all heading north.

He began to run in that direction. Every once in a while he stopped on a concrete roadway, saw what he wanted on the roadway and raced on.

Suddenly Nighthawk stopped. Below him was a valley. He looked carefully and saw a well camouflaged hangar in the valley. Slowly, he crept toward it.

Inside the hangar stood the planes. Near them a Nazi officer was talking to Jane and her father. "Mr. Curry, you and your daughter will soon leave for Germany where you will manufacture planes. Refuse, and your daughter dies!" The commander turned to the only orderly in the hangar and said, "Get the flyers!"

The orderly walked out and made his way toward a cave nearby. As he entered, Nighthawk slipped up to the entrance and looked inside. "What luck," he exclaimed, "the whole Nazi gang is here." Quickly he looked around and saw a huge boulder. He rolled it over to the entrance of the cave and sealed the Nazis inside.

Nighthawk turned and raced to the hangar. A well aimed blow easily took care of the commander.

As soon as Jane could catch her breath, she asked, "How were you able to follow us?"

"Well," grinned Nighthawk, "when you wrote Good Luck you used lipstick. When the planes took off, the motor got hot and slowly melted the lipstick which left a trail for me to follow."

"Well, I must go after the Green Skull," and with that he raced into the woods.

THE END



VACATIONING WITH THE ECHO ARE HIS BROTHER, DR DOOM AND HIS SISTER, CORA.

IN THIS MAINE COASTAL TOWN, NO ONE'LL EVER FIND US. WE'LL HAVE A REAL VACATION.

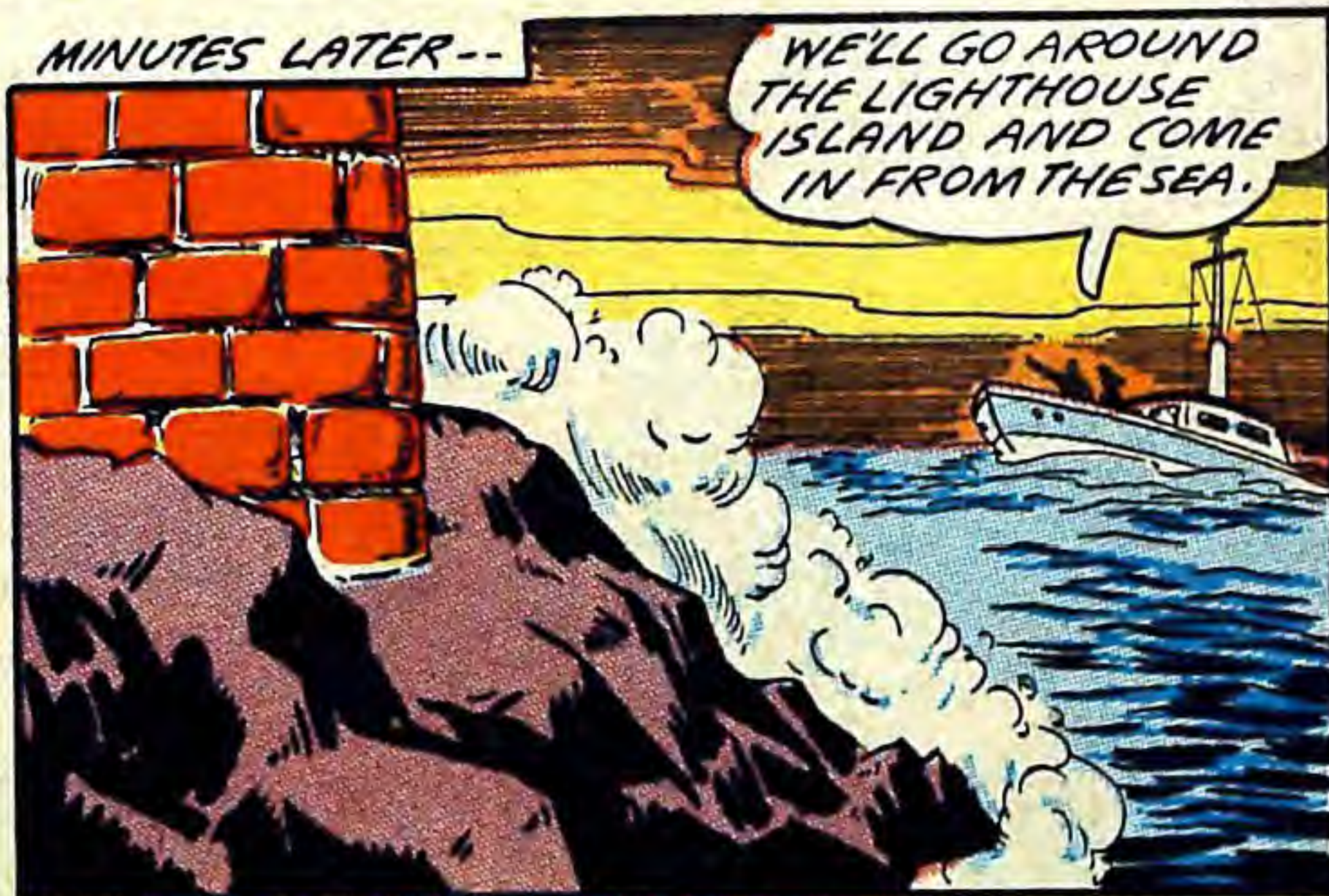
OOPS! THERE'S THE PHONE!



I HOPE THIS ISN'T TROUBLE.

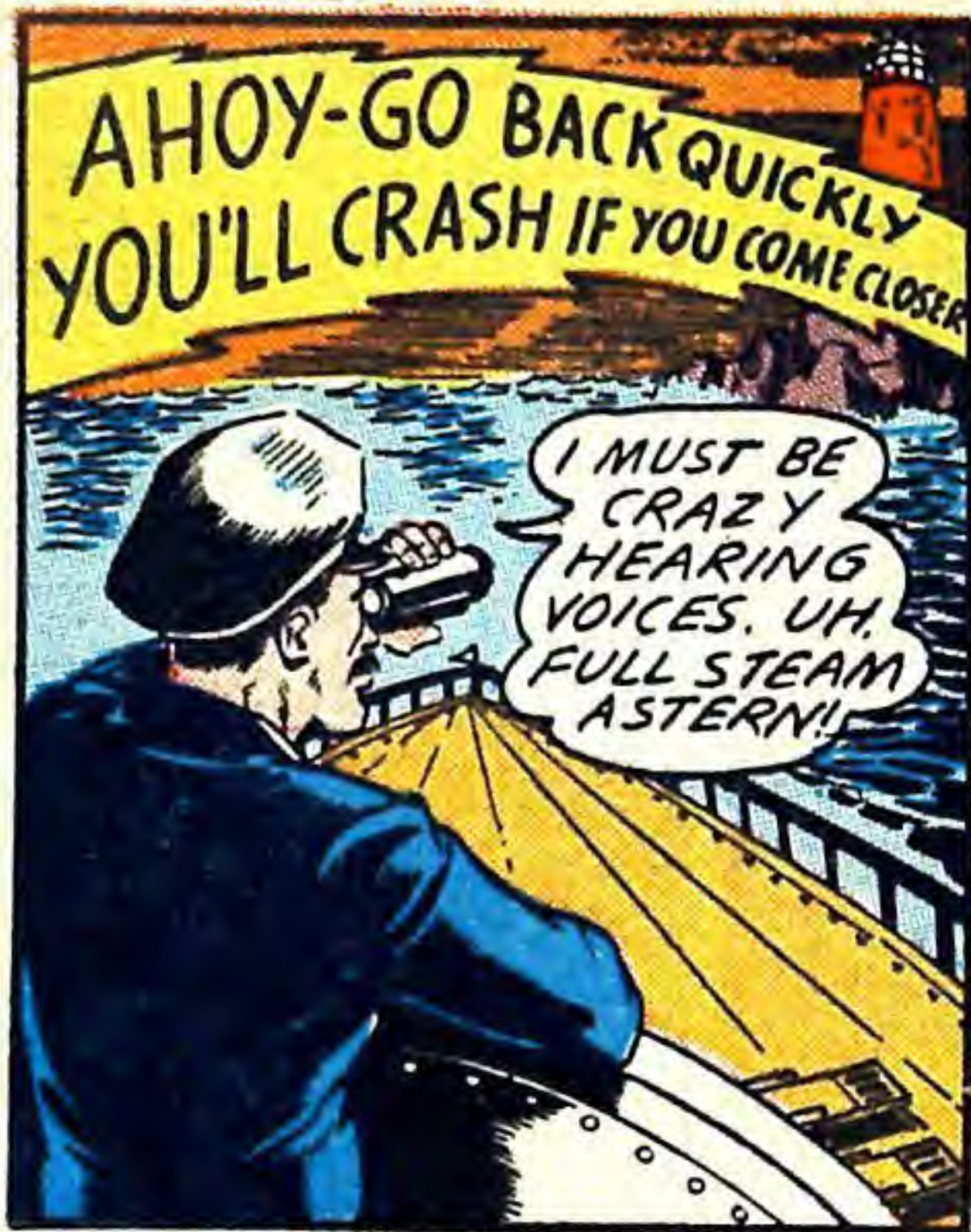
YES-DR DOOM'S HERE. A SAILOR? BADLY INJURED AND OUT OF HIS HEAD--WE'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!











I MUST BE
CRAZY
HEARING
VOICES. UH,
FULL STEAM
ASTERN!



HE STOPPED THE BOAT!
NOW YOU'LL PAY.. YOU'LL
WISH YOU'D NEVER
LEFT SHORE! STUMPY,
TAKE THEM TO THE
TOWER!



MASTER..
HE'S BACK!
HE'S BACK!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH
TROUBLE FROM
YOU! ---



GOOD! NOW MAYBE
HE'LL STAY PUT. TAKE
'EM TO THE TOWER!
AIN'T WASTIN' NO
MORE TIME.



IN THE INSANE OLD SAILOR'S MACABRE
WORKROOM ATOP THE LIGHTHOUSE.

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE
THE FIGUREHEADS. I TAKE
A GIRL, SPRAY WAX OVER
HER BODY, THEN PAINT IT!

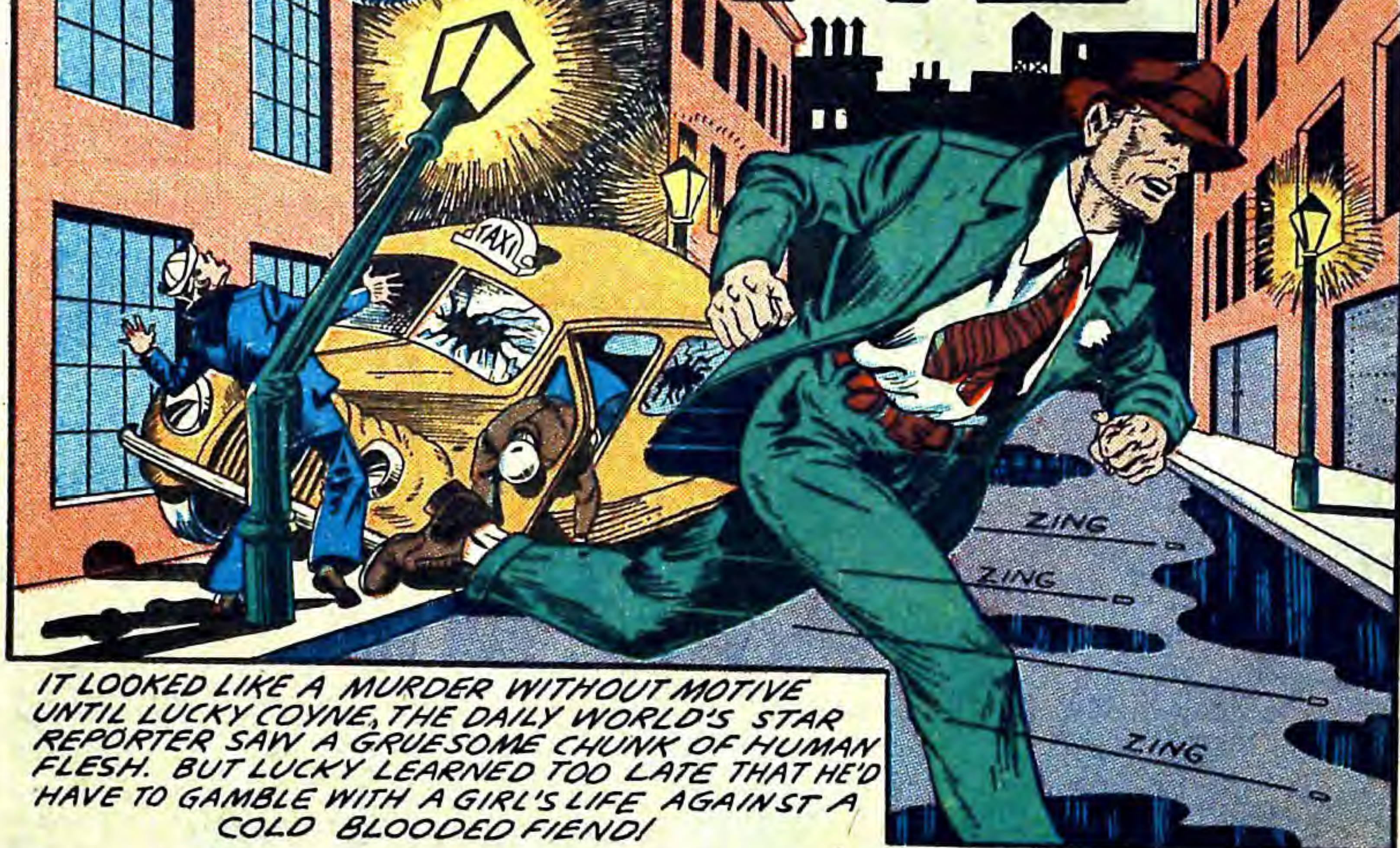
NO.. PLEASE,
NO... !!



COME ON
MY PRETTY
ONE!



LUCKY COYNE



IT LOOKED LIKE A MURDER WITHOUT MOTIVE UNTIL LUCKY COYNE, THE DAILY WORLD'S STAR REPORTER SAW A GRUESOME CHUNK OF HUMAN FLESH. BUT LUCKY LEARNED TOO LATE THAT HE'D HAVE TO GAMBLE WITH A GIRL'S LIFE AGAINST A COLD BLOODED FIEND!

2 A.M. ON A DESERTED STREET..





TWO MEN IN A BIG SEDAN- YES! STRANGLING BILL HARMON MY BROTHER AT 607 BAYSIDE.



TEN MINUTES LATER---
RADIOCARS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THAT SLIGHTEST SEDAN, MISS HARMON. BILL ANY IDEA WHO THE MEN WERE?
NOT THE SLIGHTEST. DIDN'T HAVE AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD!



LUCKY COYNE IS ON THE SPOT, COVERING THE STORY..
NO ENEMIES? YOU FRESH WHO STRANGLERED HIM THEN? OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP.
REPORTERS HIS FRIENDS?



RETURNING TO HIS OFFICE..
WHAT'S COOKING, KITTY. A GUY NEWS HOUND? SOMETHING BIG?
I DUNNO YET, WHOM EVERYONE LIKES GOT HIMSELF TOO WELL LIKED BY A PAIR OF STRANGLERS.



AND THE COPS ARE STYMIED. HEADS YOU FOLLOW UP THE CASE, TERRY, WHILE I PLAY GIN RUMMY WITH GORGEOUS.



HEADS! THE STORY'S ALL YOURS, TERRY.
OKAY, FINE! MAYBE I'LL SCOOP SOMETHING BIG!



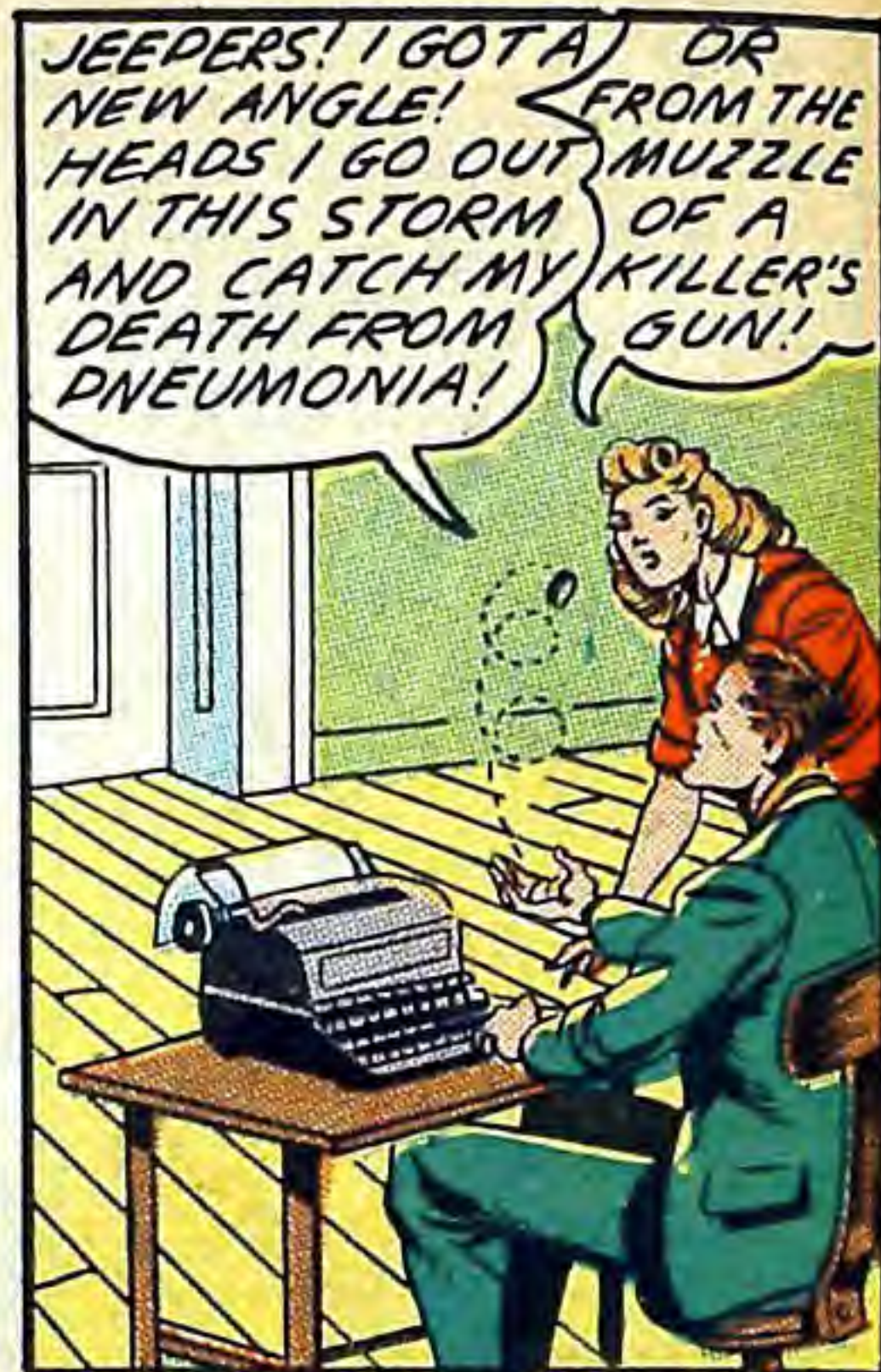
NOTHING BREAKS TILL A WEEK LATER..
WONDER WHAT THE CORONER'S GOT THAT'LL INTEREST ME?



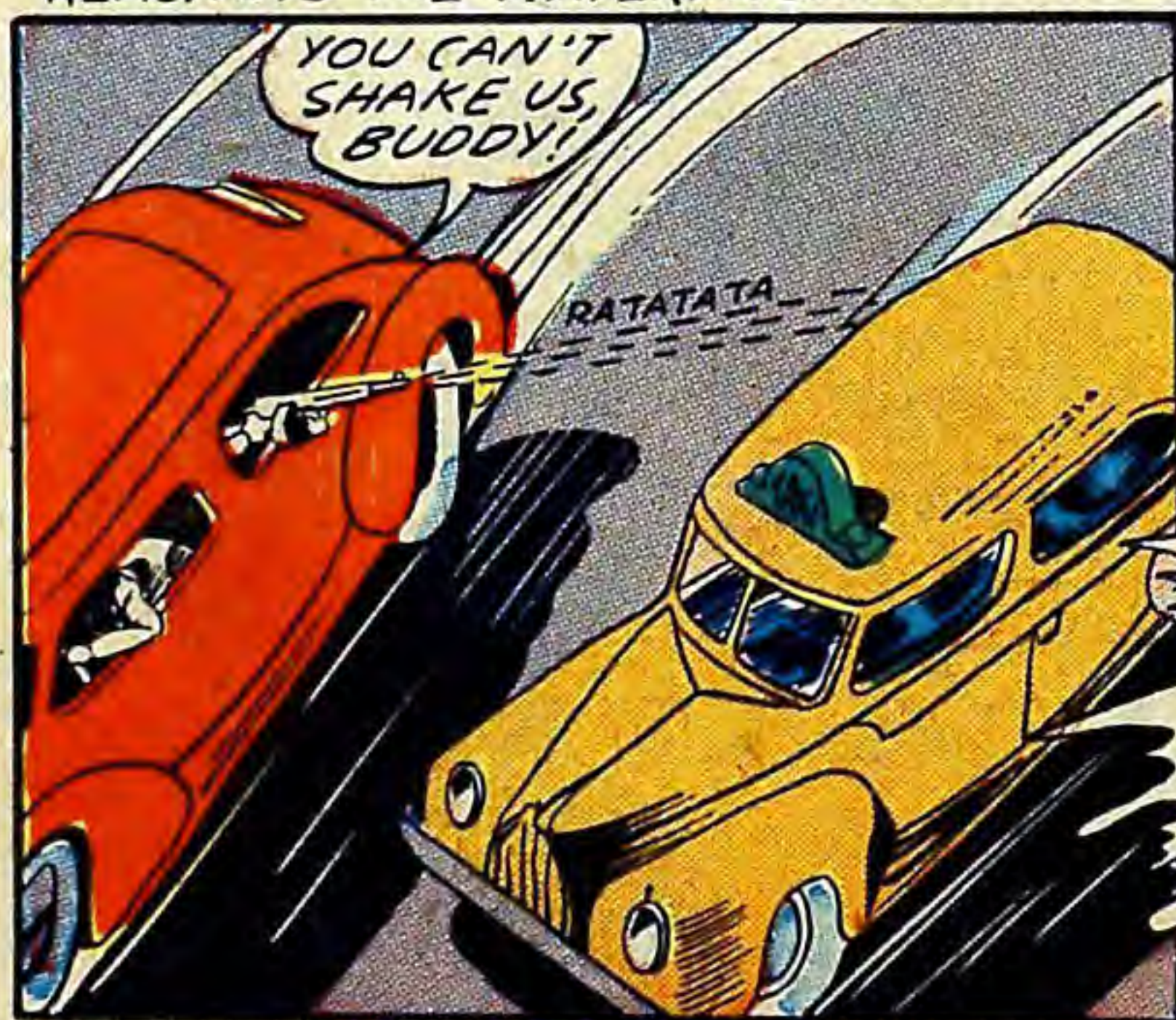
UGH! WHERE'D THAT COME FROM, DOC?
THE BEACH. FROM SCIENTIFIC MEASUREMENTS IT COULD BE THE LEG OF BILL HARMON.



THE KILLER STRANGLERED HARMON, THEN CUT HIM UP? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
NEITHER DO THE POLICE, SO I CALLED YOU IN.

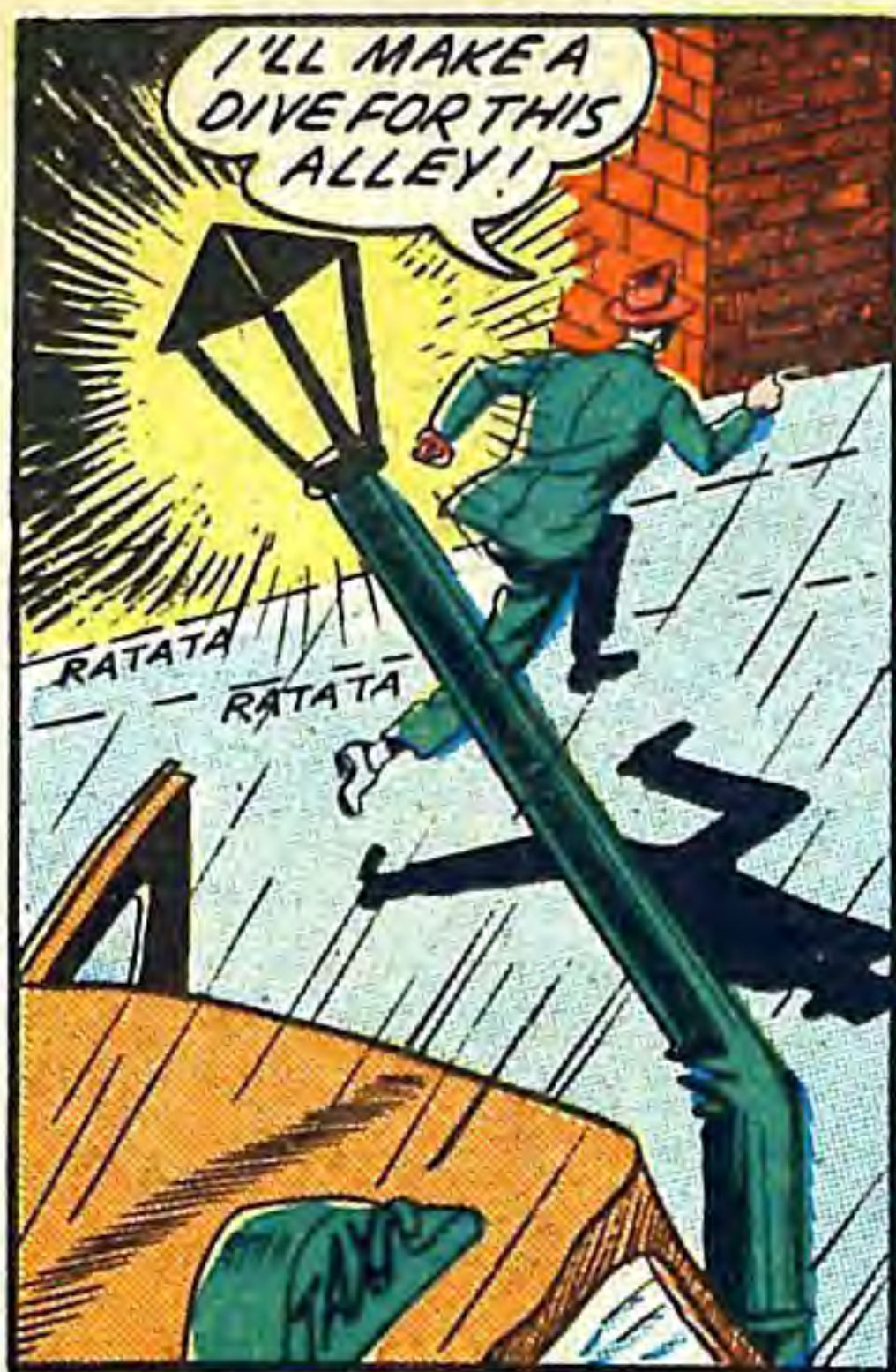


REACHING THE WATERFRONT...



DEATH CLAIMS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER





BREATHLESS MOMENTS LATER...
KITTY! MUGS TOMMYGUNNED
MY CAB KILLING DRIVER.
I'M AT WEST AND GROVE
STREETS. SEND TERRY
OVER, QUICK!







KITTY-WAKE UP! SPEAK TO ME!

I-I MUST HAVE FAINTED. OH-LUCKY-YOU'RE TOPS!



HOLY SMOKE! THIS FREEZER CABINET IS FULL OF DISMEMBERED BODIES. THEY'RE RUNNING A BLACK MARKET IN HUMAN FLESH!



HORRIBLE BEYOND BELIEF! BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT CANNIBALISM. HELP ME TIE UP THOSE GHOULS AND WE'LL TRACK DOWN ADAMS FOR THE ANSWER TO THIS RIDDLE.



PHONE THE POLICE! NO! HE KIT! THESE RATS CAN'T RUN WANT TO TAKE OUT ON US! THE RAPAND HIS BOAT'S LET ADAMS AT PENINSULA ESCAPE!

NO! HE KIT! THESE RATS CAN'T RUN WANT TO TAKE OUT ON US! THE RAPAND HIS BOAT'S LET ADAMS AT PENINSULA ESCAPE!



THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW! C'MON TERRY!

WHY YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT!



TERRY'S JALOPY SPEEDS TOWARD THE WATERFRONT

BUT ISN'T IT TOO RISKY FOR THE COPS FOR US TO TACKLE ADAMS WITHOUT HELP, LUCKY? IF WE WAIT TOO LONG WE MAY BE TOO LATE TO CATCH ADAMS!



IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN FIVE MINUTES, GET OUTTA HERE FAST, KITTY!

PIPE DOWN, TERRY! AND KEEP IN THE SHADOWS!



THAT YOU, EDGAR? YOU BRING ALONG THE GUY WITH THE ONE WAY TICKET?



IN PERSON! EDGAR SENDS HIS REGRETS!



HOLD HIM, BOSS! I'LL RIP HIM OPEN FROM STEM TO STERN!



ROLL ASIDE QUICK, LUCKY! DROP THAT, YOU!



SWELL, YOU'LL SAVE THE STATE A LOT OF DOUGH!

HELP! GRAB ME- I CAN'T SWIM!

TAR



NICE GOIN'! THAT'LL KEEP HIM COLD!

FIND SOME ROPE! WE'LL SECURE HIM BEFORE WE EXAMINE THE BOAT!

BANG BANG



LEAVING ADAMS TRUSSED UP THE NEWSMEN SEARCH THE CRAFT.

NOW I GET IT! YOU'D BE THEY BAITED SURPRISED. THEIR HOOKS SEE HOW WITH HUMAN THEIR FLESH TO CATCH BELLIES SHARKS! BUT ARE RIPPED OPEN! SHARKS ARE NOT WORTH-



NOTHING'S BEEN REMOVED BUT THE LIVER. THE LIVERS ARE ALMOST AS PRECIOUS AS GOLD TO TODAY DUE TO THE HIGH VITAMIN POTENCY OF THEIR OIL!

NO WONDER ADAMS DARED TO MURDER FOR BAIT!



THEY'VE GOT THE GOODS ON ME. THERE'S A SLIM CHANCE I CAN FLOAT AND WRIGGLE FREE



ADAMS BEAT IT'S KITTY.. THE RAP UP THERE THE HARD WAY! WITH A COP!

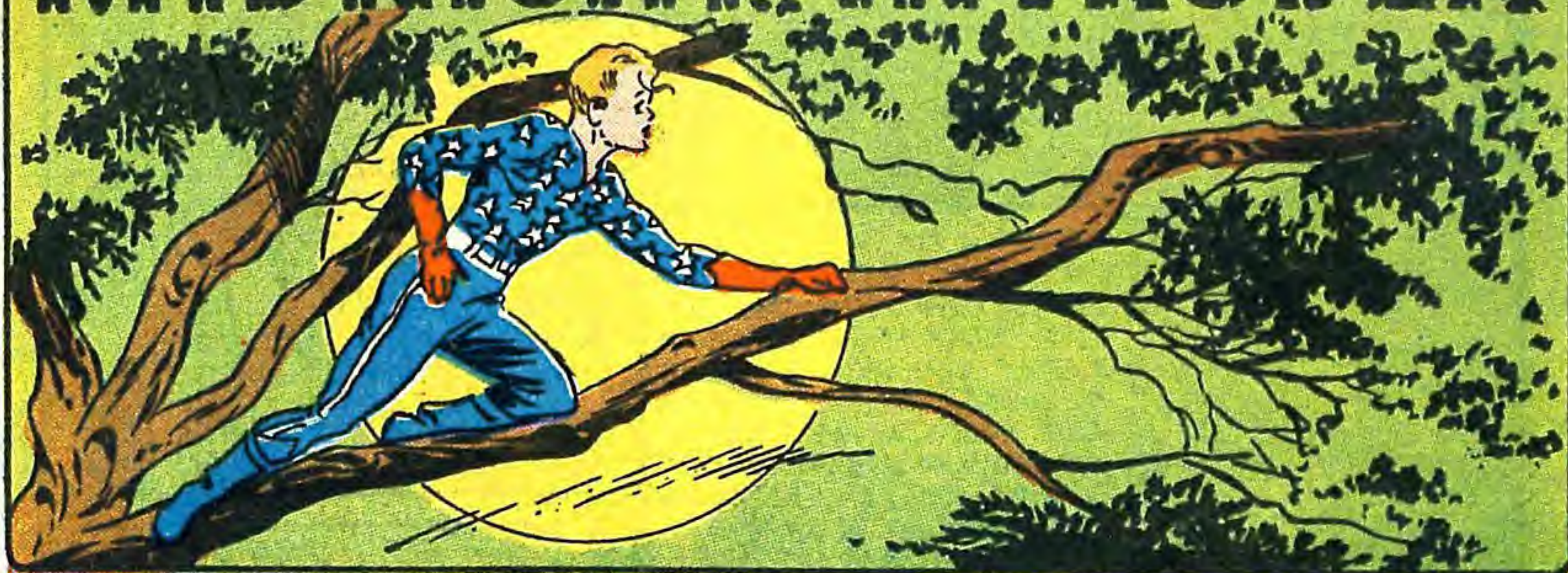
TARPO



TELL THIS FLATFOOT WHAT HAPPENED. HE PINCHED ME FOR PARKING WITHOUT LIGHTS! THINK THE JUDGE WILL LET YOU OFF EASY. WE'VE CRACKED THIS CASE WIDE OPEN!

THERE'S A TEN BUCK FINE FOR THAT. BUT I THINK THE JUDGE WILL LET YOU OFF EASY. WE'VE CRACKED THIS CASE WIDE OPEN!

MIDNIGHT INTRUDER



"Hey, Bobby," shouted young Phil Martin at Bobby Finan, "Why weren't you in school today? Your Mother sick?"

There were tears in Bobby's eyes as he faced Phil. "Nothing is the matter," he blurted out and started to leave.

Phil grabbed him. "We're pals, Bobby," he said curtly. "Speak!"

"If I only knew where Yankeeboy lived—he'd help me!" Bobby sobbed, little suspecting that the boy before him was that famous young American.

"Perhaps, if you tell me the trouble, I might be able to get in touch with him," Phil said sharply.

Bobby's face brightened. He knew Phil, on many occasions, had served as a contact man for Yankeeboy. "My father's an auditor at the National Bank," the youth began slowly. "Last night he said he had to work late and didn't come home at all. Mr. Gray, the president, and a policeman came to the house early this morning, looking for father. Mr. Gray said there was a lot of money missing and it looked as though my father had run away with it." Bobby tensed, as he added, "My daddy wouldn't steal money and leave mother and me!"

"I believe you, Bobby," Phil broke in. "Now, go on home and take care of your mother. I'll try to let Yankeeboy know about this, somehow!"

... That night, while the house-

hold slept, Phil Martin removed his red, white and blue Yankeeboy uniform from a loose floor board, in his room. Dressed, he slipped out the window and down the water spout to the street below.

"The criminals usually return to the scene of their crime, so I'll try it anyway," Yankeeboy muttered aloud, as he made his way to the National Bank. He glanced up and down the street. It was dark and deserted. A tree stood outside the bank. Quickly, he concealed himself in its foliage.

... Hours rolled by, when a car drew up under Yankeeboy's perch. Two men got out. Yankeeboy recognized one as Mr. Gray, the bank president, the other was a total stranger.

Mr. Gray spoke quietly, but loud enough for Yankeeboy to hear. "Finan found the shortages so I stalled him and made him come back at night. When we were alone, I hit him over the head and locked him in a vault. We must get rid of him, now!"

"That will be easy," the stranger said. "A stone tied to his neck and a drop from the bridge will take care of him. The money he is supposed to have taken, like the other funds you supplied us with, will be used to purchase defense information. Some day, when our glorious leader..."

The stranger stopped as another voice broke in, "...who will never set foot in any part of this country!"

And with that, Yankeeboy dropped from the tree to the figures below. A vigorous swing of his foot and he kicked the stranger full smack in the face, sending him to the ground a bloody mess.

Yankeeboy turned to see the bank president whipping out an ugly automatic. But, before he could get it into position to aim, the lad sent a vicious right cross that knocked the gun out of Gray's hand and followed through to the pit of his stomach. The man gasped under the blow. Bam! Yankeeboy's fists pumped like powerful pistons until a crack on the chin sent the bank president crumpling to the ground.

Making sure the two would not get up for some time, Yankeeboy ran to a police call box and phoned his story to a sleepy sergeant.

The following day, newspapers gave an account of the night's proceedings, informing the public of the traitorous deeds of Mr. Gray and his companion. And that night, Bobby and his father called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

Mr. Finan shook Phil's hand and said, "I know it was through you that Yankeeboy learned of my trouble—and cleared my name."

"That Yankeeboy! Why couldn't my son be like him!" interrupted Phil's father.

"He is, Dad," Phil said to himself, smilingly, "and someday I might tell you."

YANKEE BOY

WHAT EVIL HANDS CONTROLLED THE VILEST RACKET IN FREETOWN? WAS ROXY HANLON JUST A FALL GUY WHO LAMMED TO BEAT A MURDER RAP? THE HEALTH AND LIVES OF THOUSANDS WERE AT STAKE WHILE YANKEE BOY WAGED A LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE BLACK MARKET MOB!



GOSH, MOM- THIS MEAT TASTES AWFUL I CAN'T EAT IT!



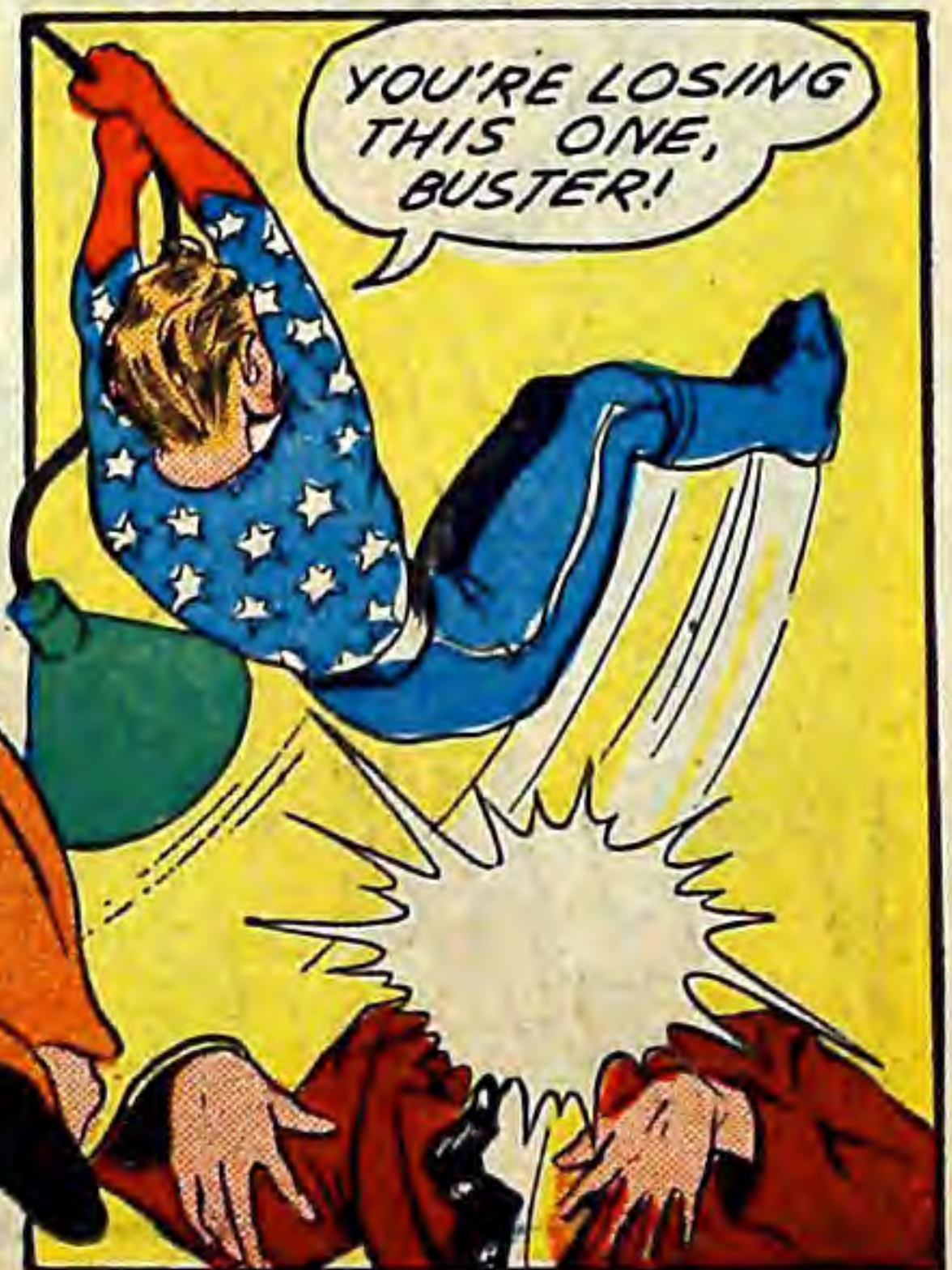
YOU BETTER EAT YOUR DINNER, VICTOR!

I'LL DRINK SOME MILK LATER. DON'T TOUCH THAT MEAT!



LOTS OF PEOPLE SICK WITH FOOD POISONING LATELY. I'M GOING TO ASK MR. GREEN WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT IT.







BEAT IT, BRAT!
WHO DO YOU
THINK
YOU ARE?



CARL HUBBELL
OF THE
GIANTS.
WATCH
THAT
CURVE!



STRIKE ONE -
BUT YOU'RE
OUT!



HEY!
WHAT'S THE
RACKET?

THAT'S WHAT
I CAME TO
FIND OUT.
PUT UP YOUR
HANDS!



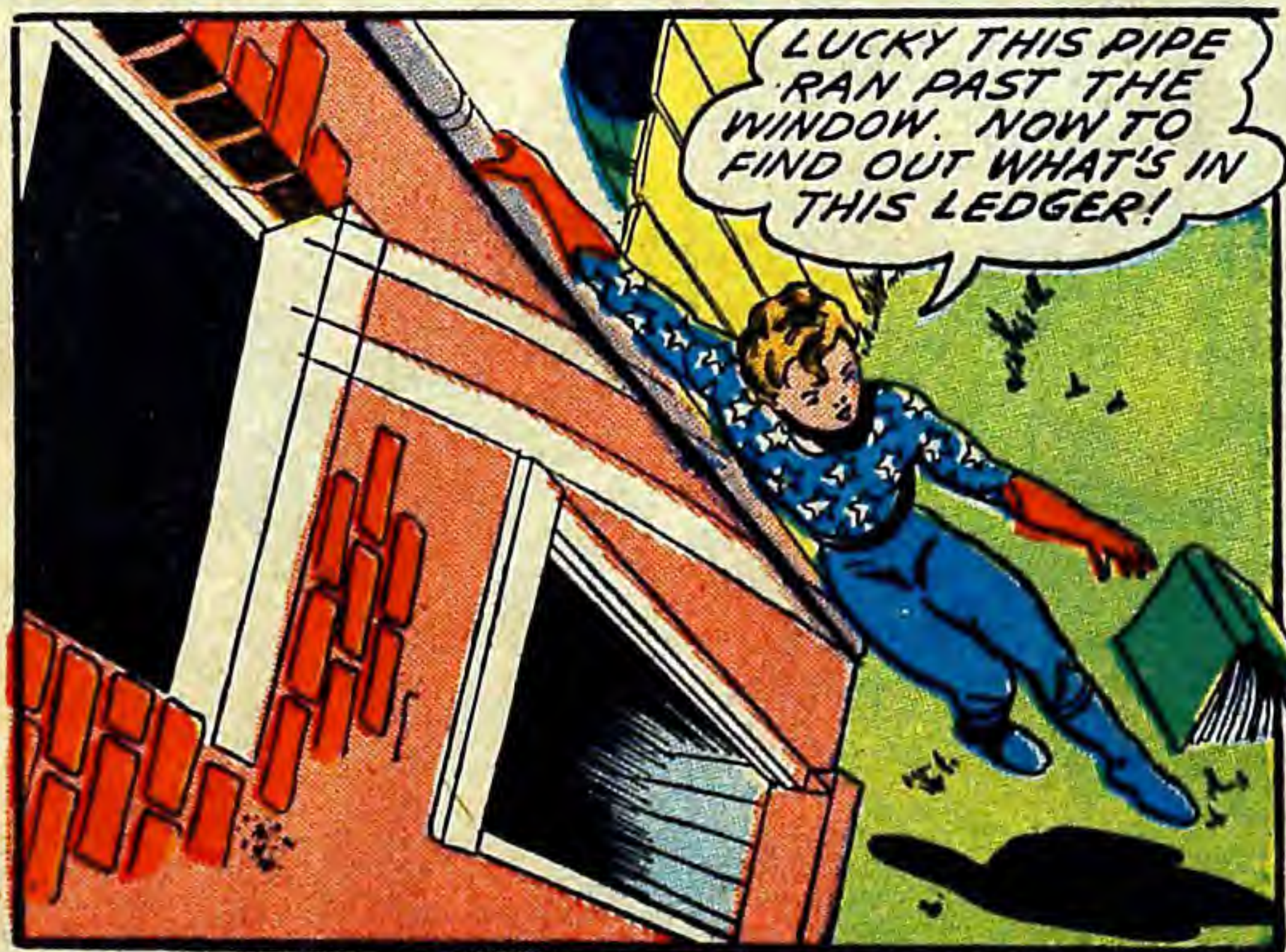
WHAT DID
YOU DO TO
MR. GREEN -
THE
BUTCHER?

NOBODY CAN
PIN IT ON ME,
RUNT. AND
YOU'RE NOT
GETTING OUT
OF HERE ALIVE!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME,
ROXY. THIS LEDGER
MAY BE THE EVIDENCE
TO CONVICT YOU!

D-DON'T
TAKE THAT!

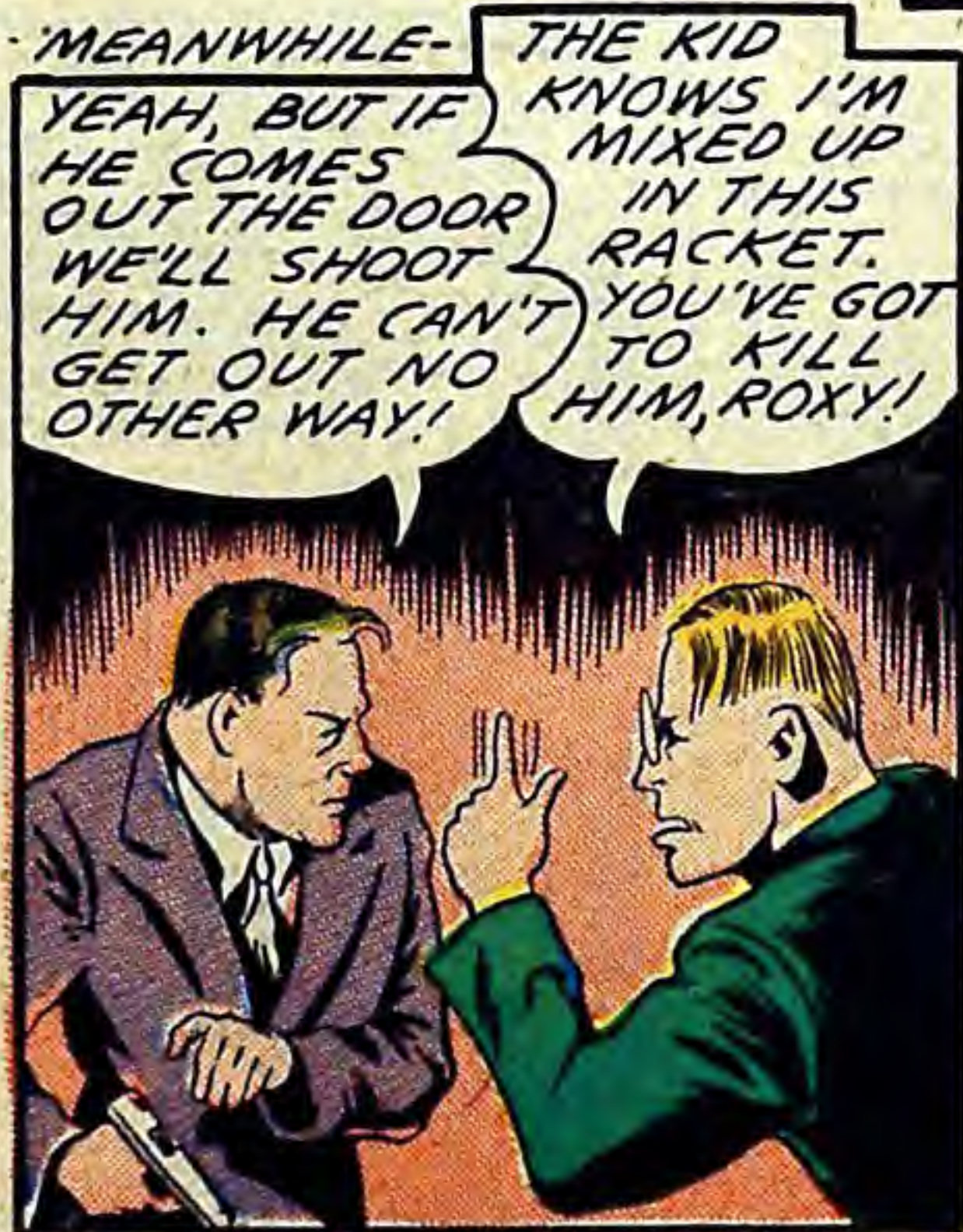


LUCKY THIS PIPE
RAN PAST THE
WINDOW. NOW TO
FIND OUT WHAT'S IN
THIS LEDGER!



NAMES OF THE BUTCHERS
ROXY IS FORCING TO BUY
HIS BLACK MARKET
MEAT. I'LL RUSH THIS
TO THE HEALTH
COMMISSIONER!





WHERE IS HE?
HE COULDN'T
HAVE GOTTEN
THROUGH THE
PEN ALIVE!

LOOK! HE
DROPPED TO
THE PIT THAT
LEADS TO
THE MAIN
CELLAR!

NO WONDER THE
BLACK MARKET
MEAT IS TAINTED!
THEY SLAUGHTER
DISEASED CATTLE
AND HAVE NO
REFRIGERATION.

DON'T
GET
JITTERY,
BOSS. I
HAVE A
SMOKE.

NOT ONE
OF THOSE
POTASSIUM
FILLED CIGARS
YOU HAND OUT
TO BALKY
BUTCHERS!
I DON'T TRUST
YOU, ROXY!

SO THAT'S HOW
HE DID IT!
NOW IF I CAN
OPEN THIS
GATE BEFORE
THE MUGS
COME
BACK.

OH! CAN'T
RAISE IT!

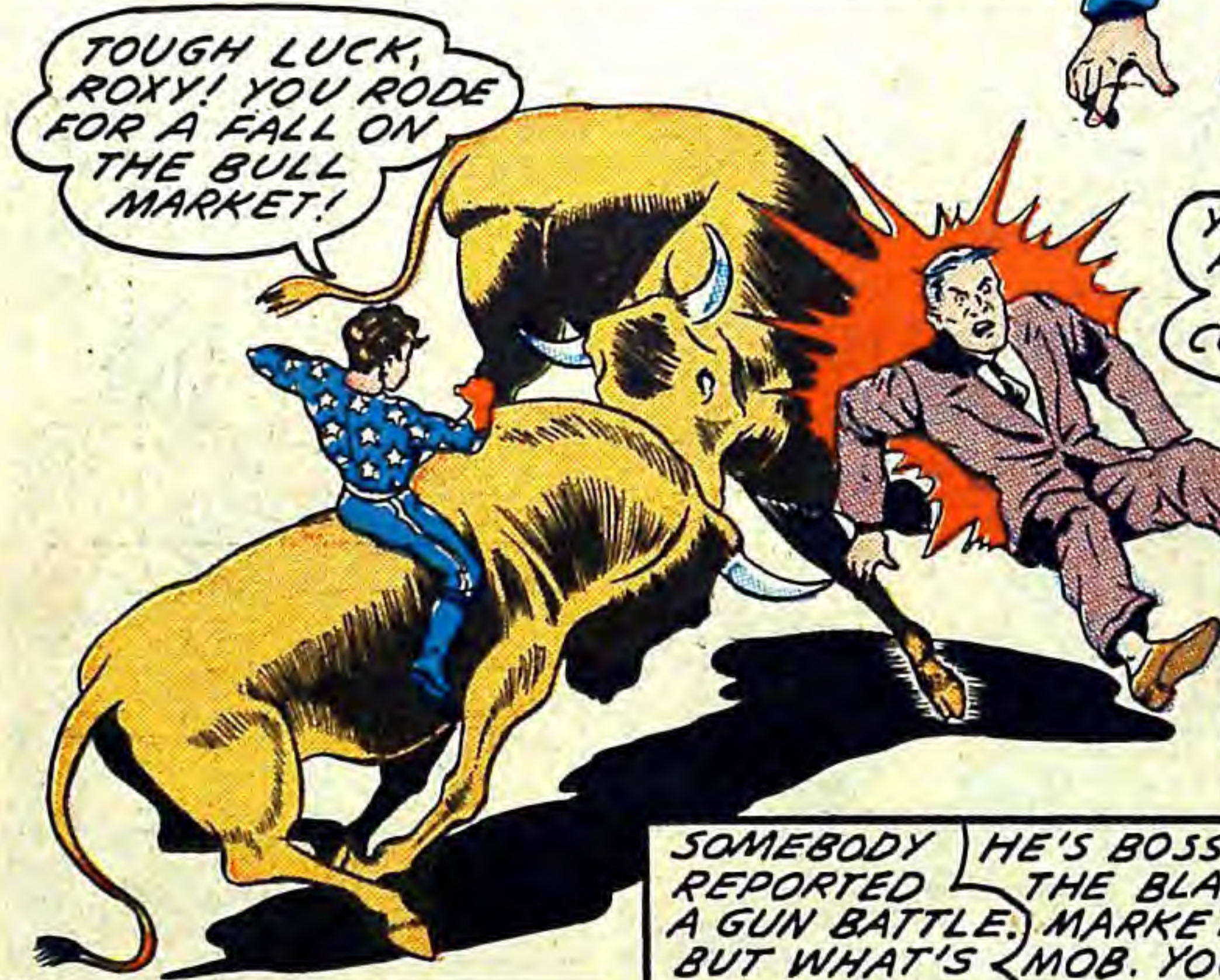
STOP HIM!
IF HE LETS
THOSE
STEERS
LOOSE-

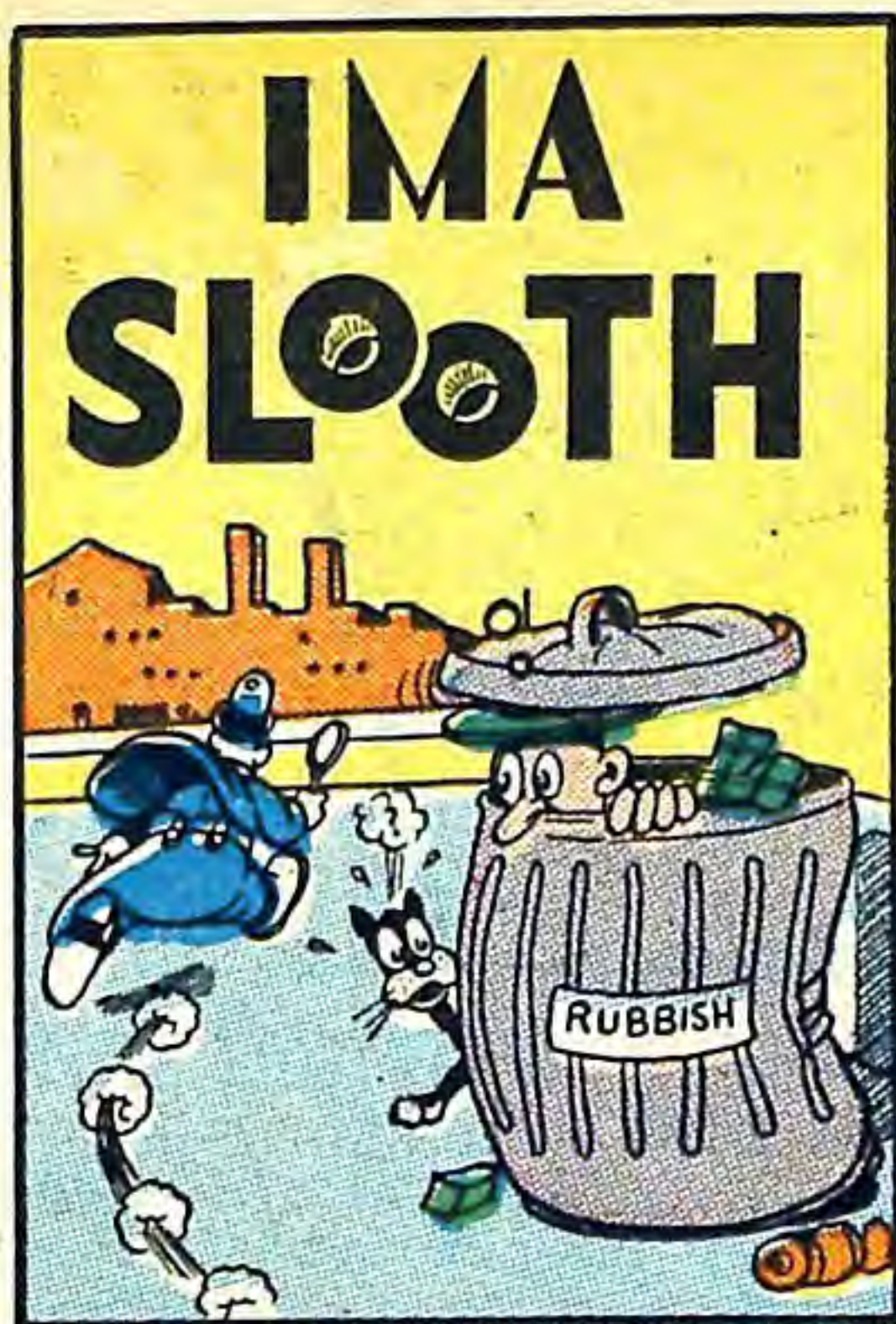
WHEW-THAT
WAS CLOSE!

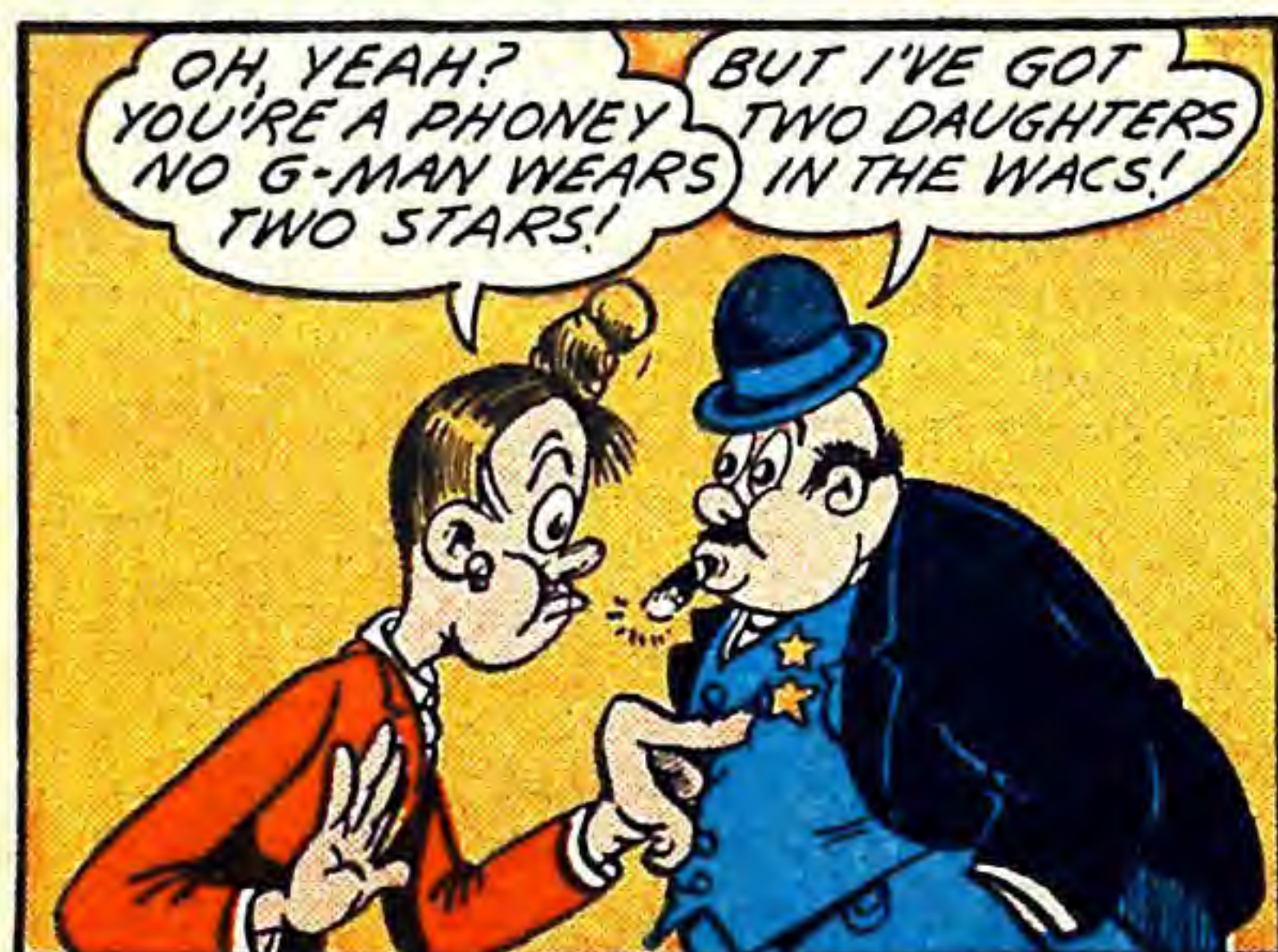
SO YOU'RE THE
BOSS OF THIS
RACKET, HEALTH
COMMISSIONER
GRADY!

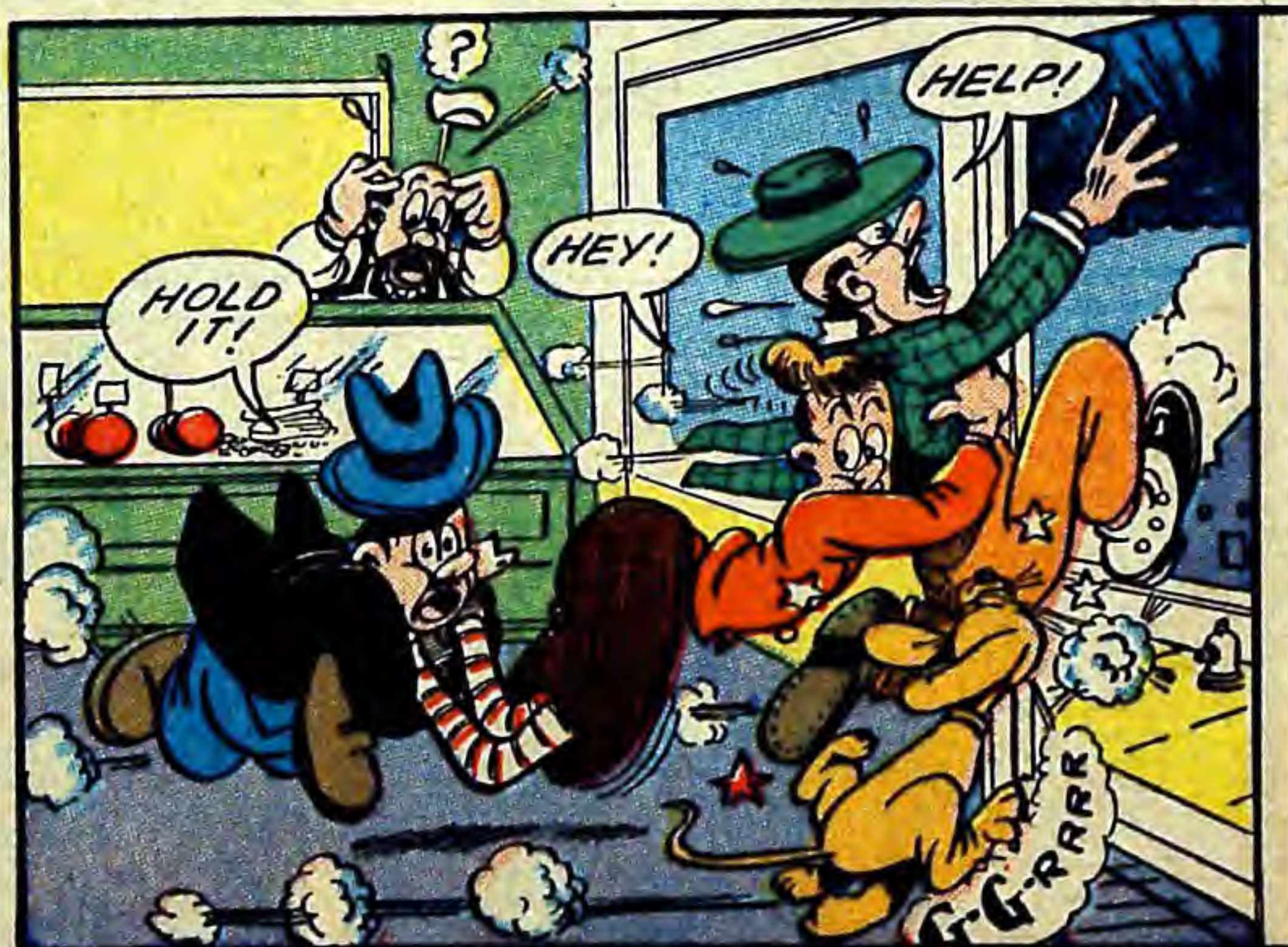
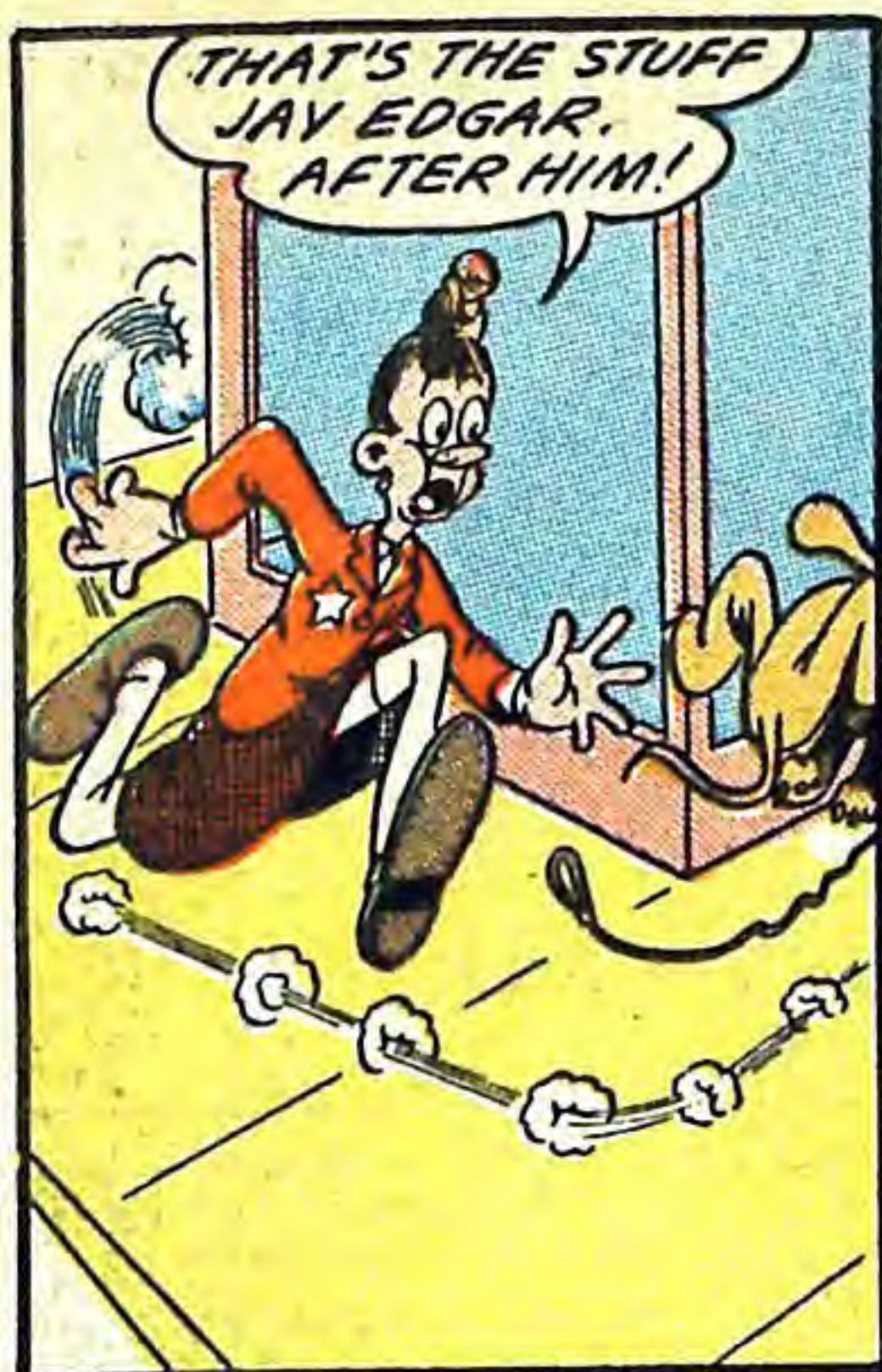
BUT MY
SHOT WON'T
MISS!

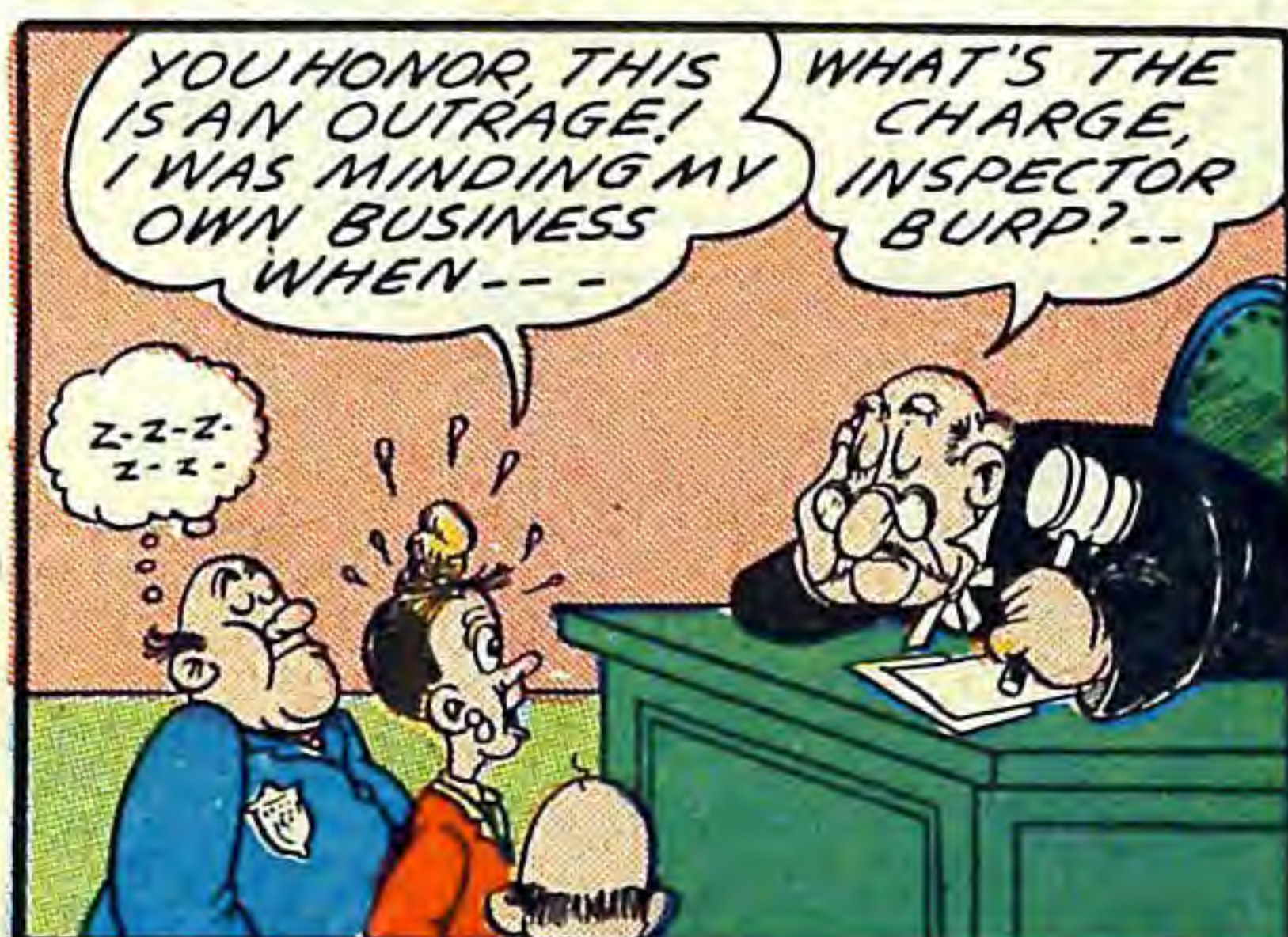
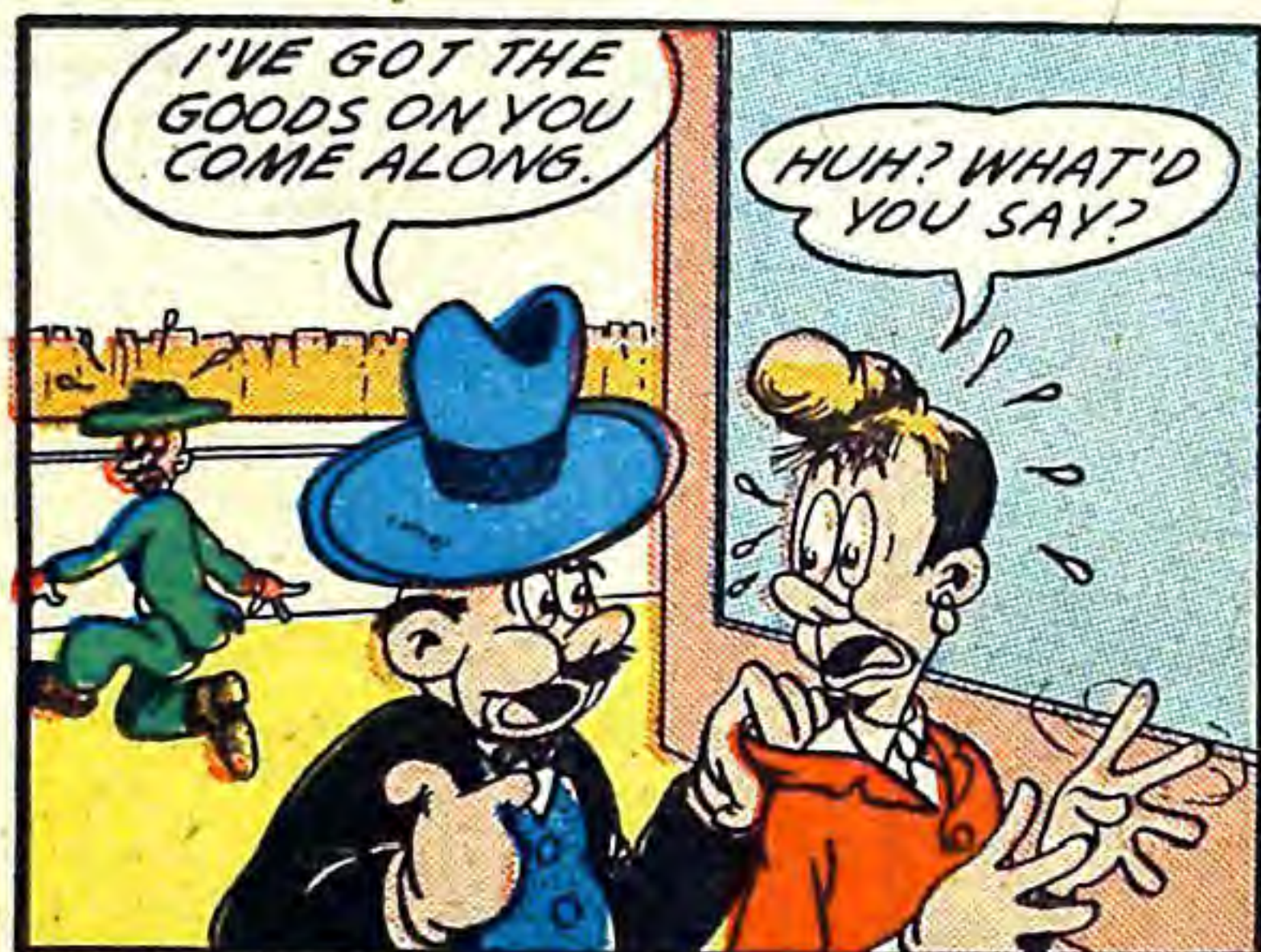
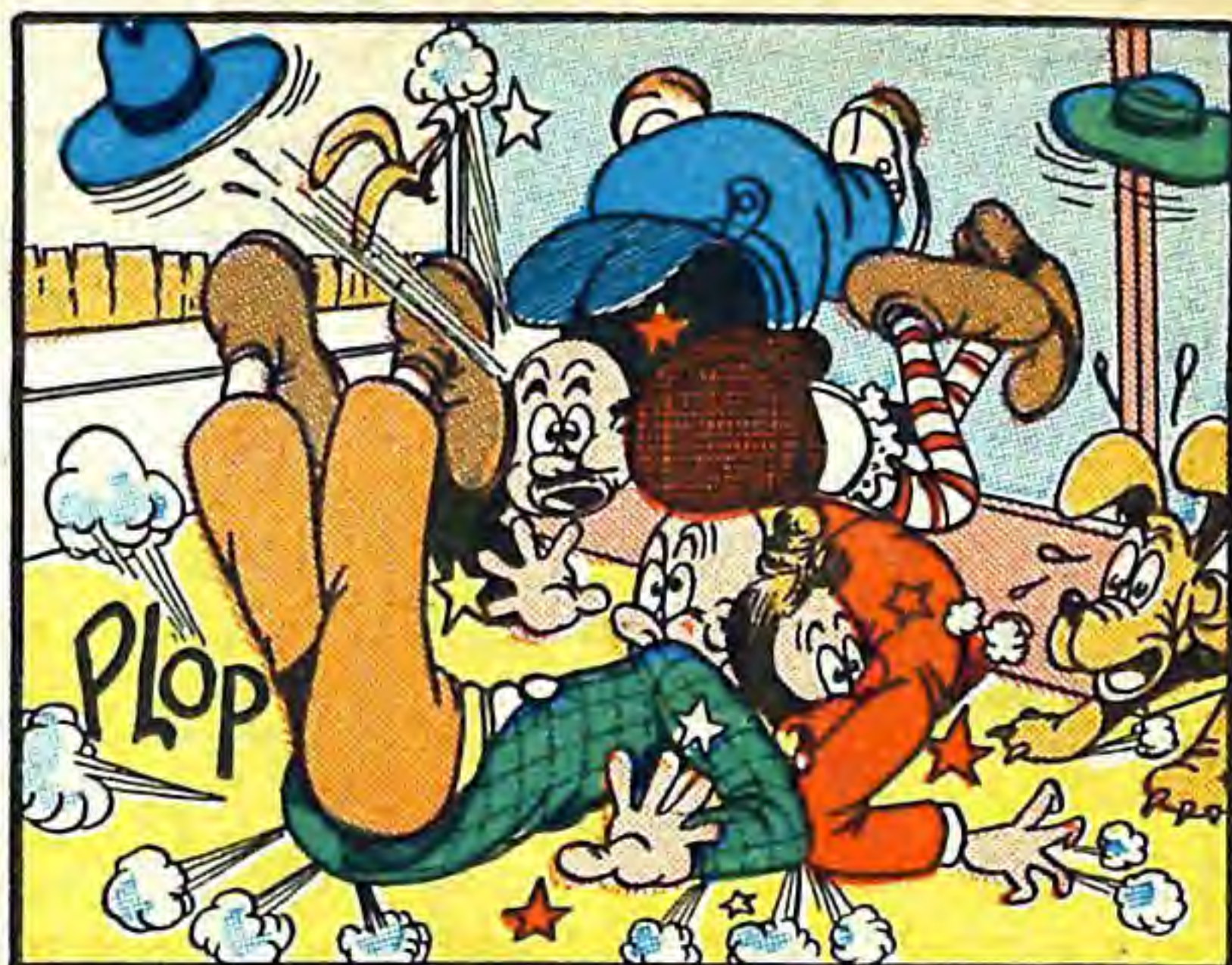
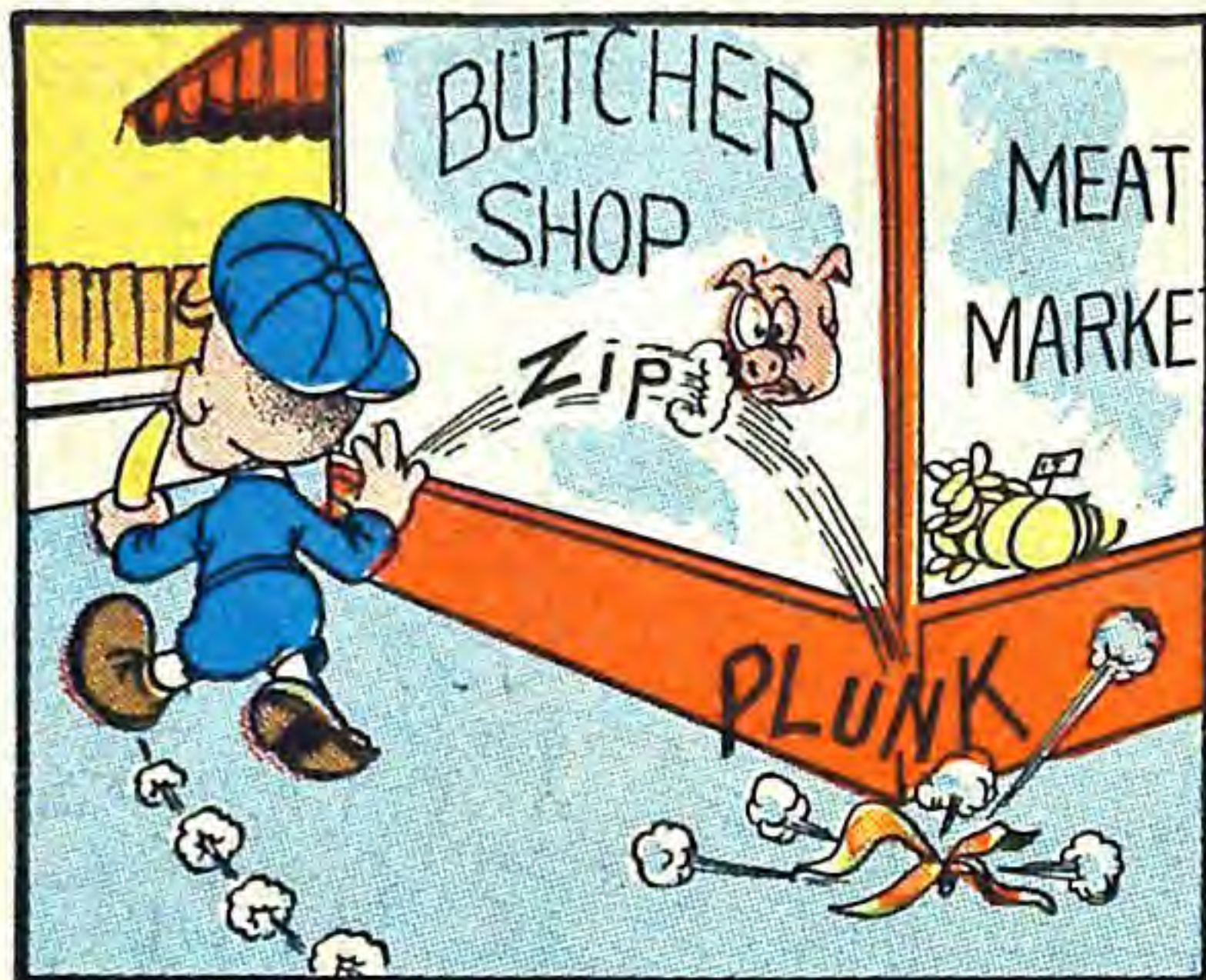
NICE WORK,
LEFTY!
DUMP HIM
IN THE BONE
CRUSHER!



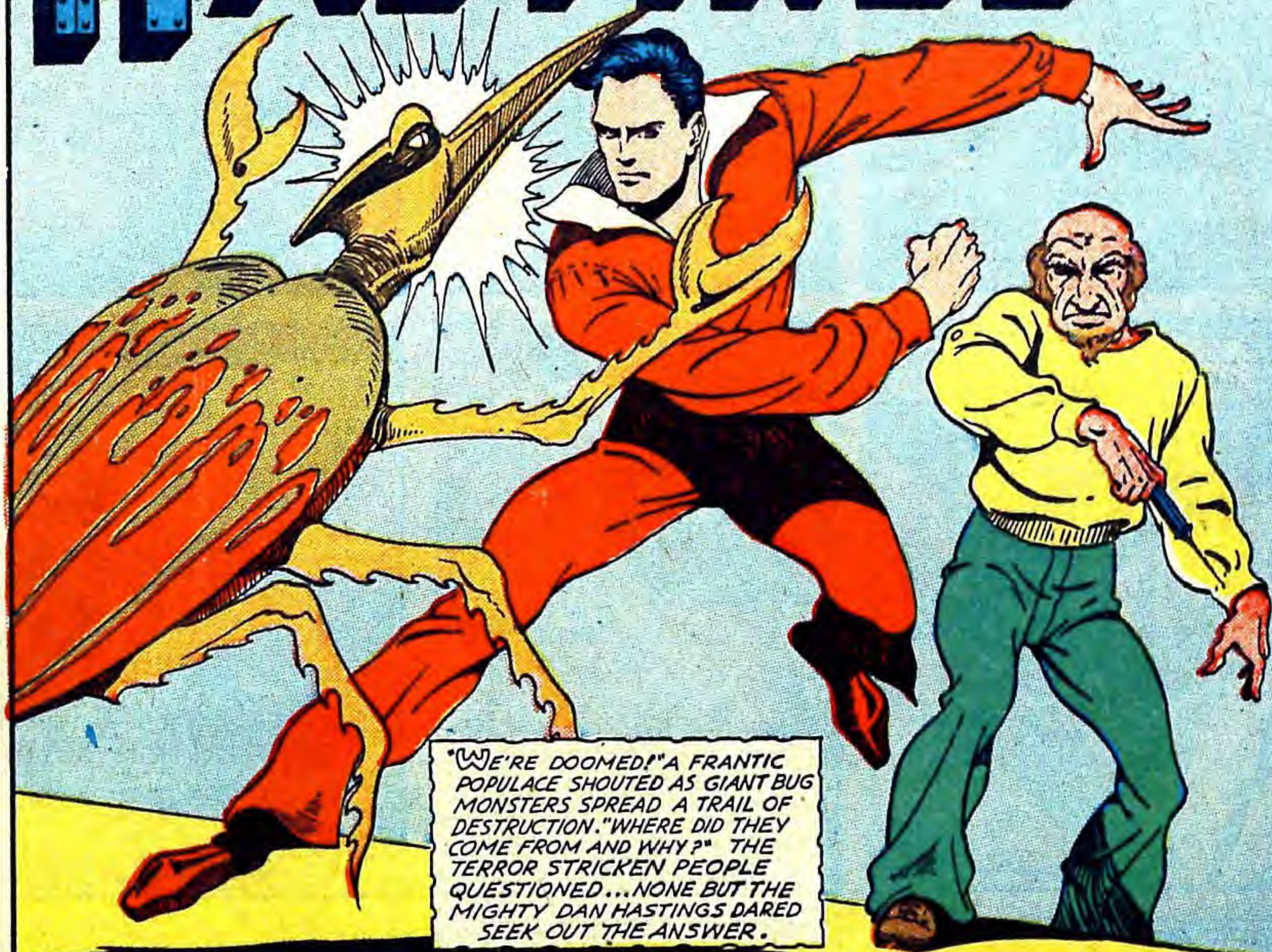






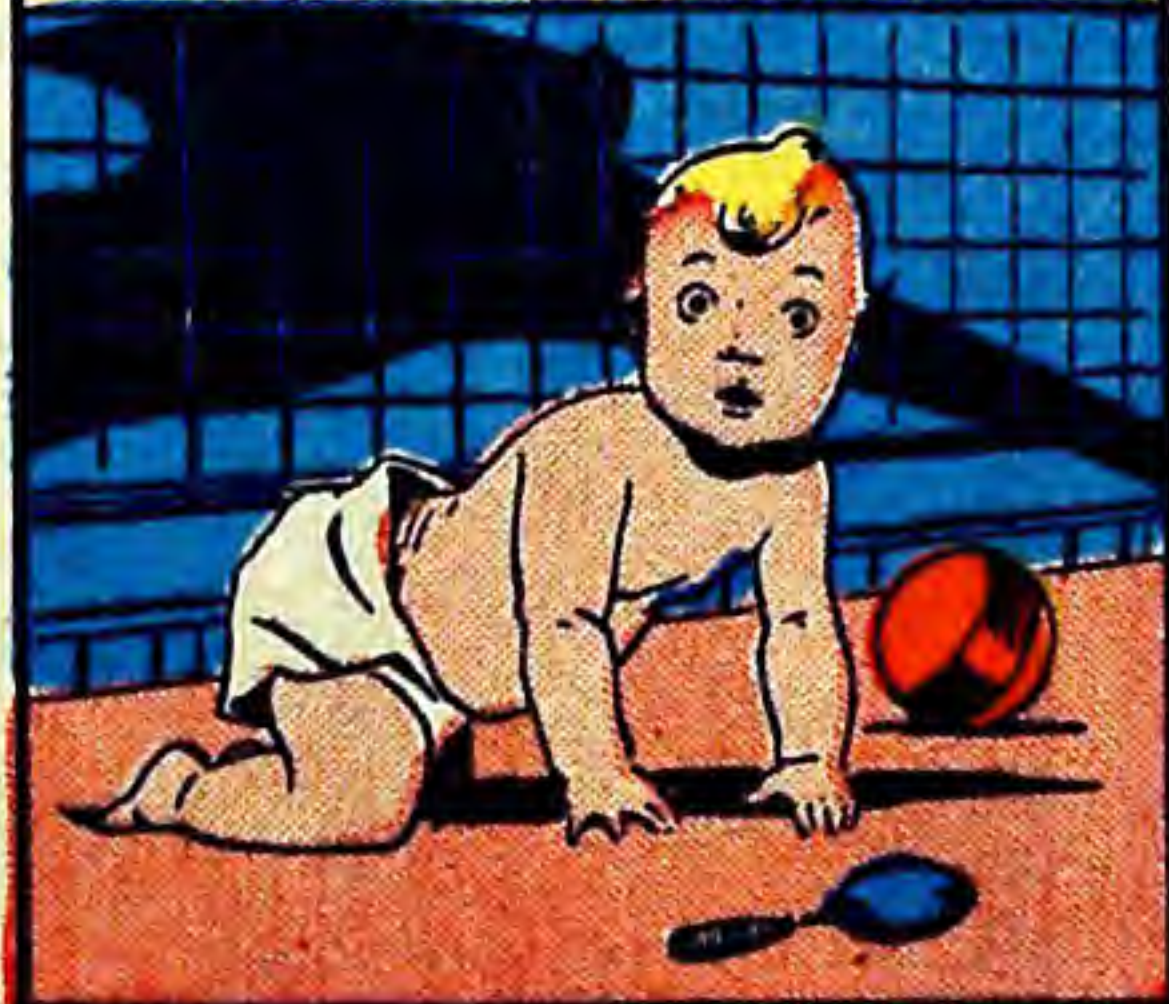


HASTINGS



"WE'RE DOOMED!" A FRANTIC POPULACE SHOUTED AS GIANT BUG MONSTERS SPREAD A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION. "WHERE DID THEY COME FROM AND WHY?" THE TERROR STRICKEN PEOPLE QUESTIONED...NONE BUT THE MIGHTY DAN HASTINGS DARED SEEK OUT THE ANSWER.

LITTLE ROBERT NEWTON, SON OF THE U.S. DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, IS PLAYING WHEN SUDDENLY...



...A HIDEOUS GIANT BUG ATTACKS HIM



ROBERT! WHAT'S HAPP...YIIIII!

M'MY BABY...



AT THE HOME OF DR. WILEY, A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE

THEY PLAY SO WONDERFUL. AH, IF I ONLY HAD TWO SUCH LOVELY CHILDREN.

THANK YOU. COME CHILDREN, IT'S TIME FOR BED.

GOOD NIGHT EVERY BODY. AND THANKS FOR THE VISIT.

GOOD NIGHT.

DR. WILEY, YOU HAVE TWO WONDERFUL CHILDREN. I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR WORKING SO HARD FOR THEM.

GEE SIS, I LIKE TO PLAY IN COMPANY, IT MAKES MOM AND DAD SO HAPPY.

YOU SAID IT. AND THAT'S WHY I USED TO COAX YOU TO PRACTICE.

GO AWAY... AHHHHH!

MOMMY, COME QUICK! AGHHH!

MY CHILDREN. YIIIII!

GRACIOUS! WHAT DEVIL DID THIS!

MEANWHILE ELSEWHERE...

I AWARD THIS LOVING CUP TO YOU FOR BEING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHILD IN THE U. S. WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING TO THE PEOPLE.

AH, HUH, MY DADDY IS A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND BECAUSE OF HIM I LOOK SO PRETTY.

LATER THAT NIGHT AS THE CHILD GOES TO SLEEP....

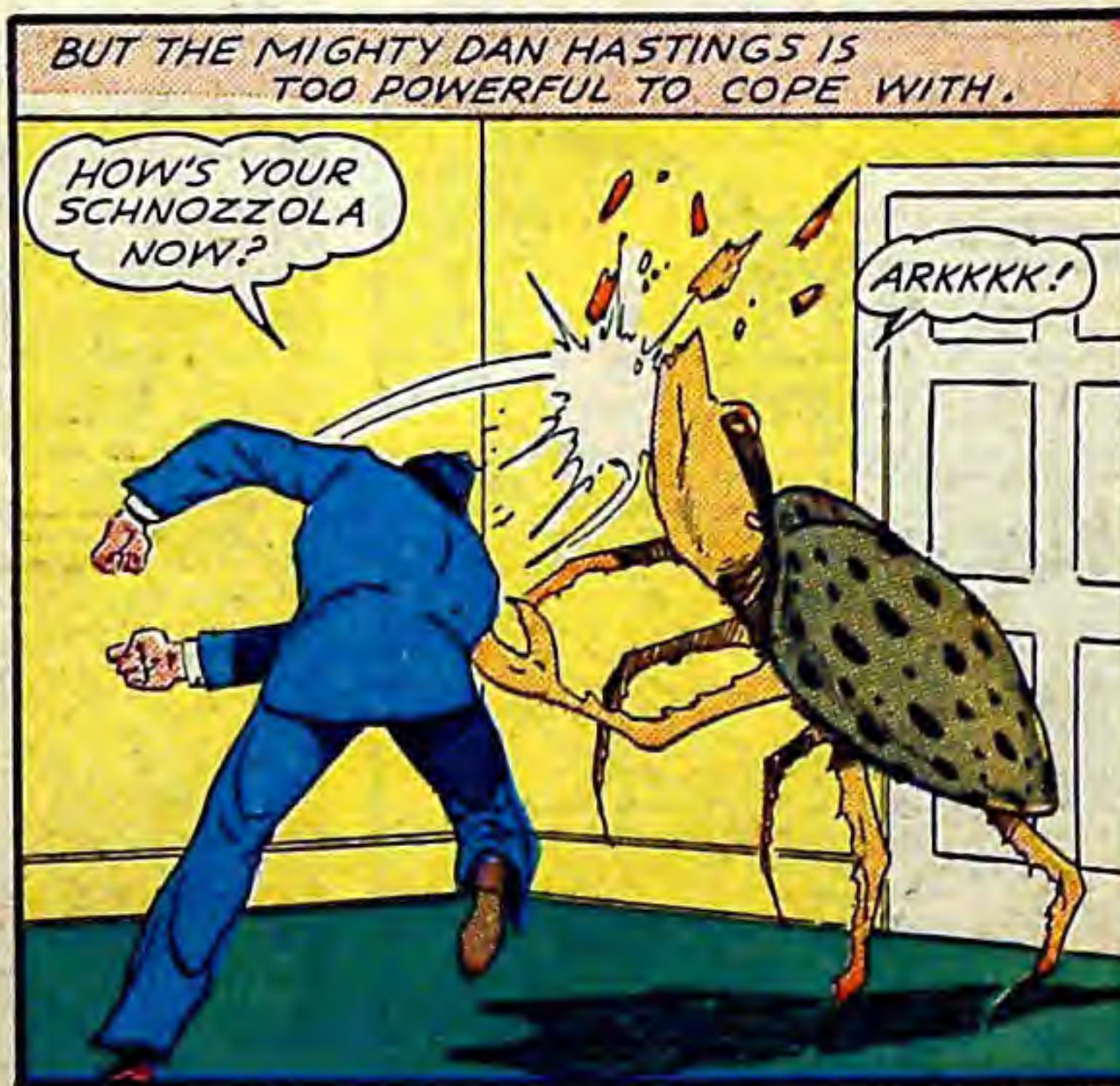
I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME SO PRETTY. BUT DADDY SAYS YOU NEED BRAINS IN THIS WORLD. SO COULD YOU PLEASE GIVE ME SOME. AMEN.

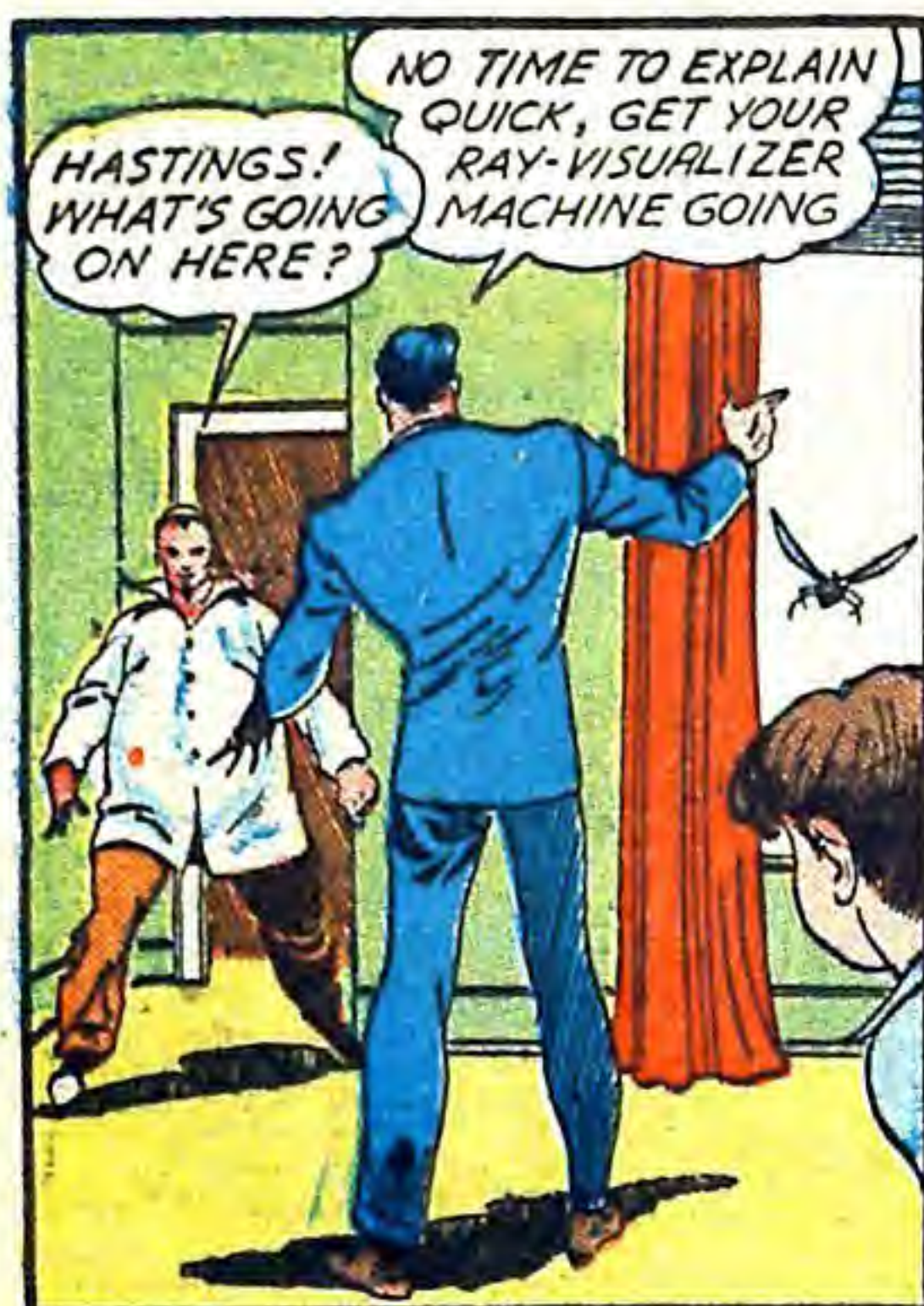
YAAAAAAA!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER... DAN HASTINGS IS WITH HIS FRIEND, DR. CARTER, THE NOTED SCIENTIST...

WELL DR. CARTER, HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANY SOLUTION TO THOSE CHILDRENS STRANGE DEATH?

NOTHING DAN. BUT IT'S RATHER ODD. THAT THESE DISASTERS SHOULD HAPPEN TO THE CHILDREN OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.





MEANWHILE ON THE PLANET OF PLEXIS
THE MAD SCIENTIST, DR. STRANGE,
OUTLAWED BY THE ACADEMY OF
SCIENCE FOR HIS INSANE PRACTICES,
WATCHES THE FLIGHT OF THE STRANGE
BEAST

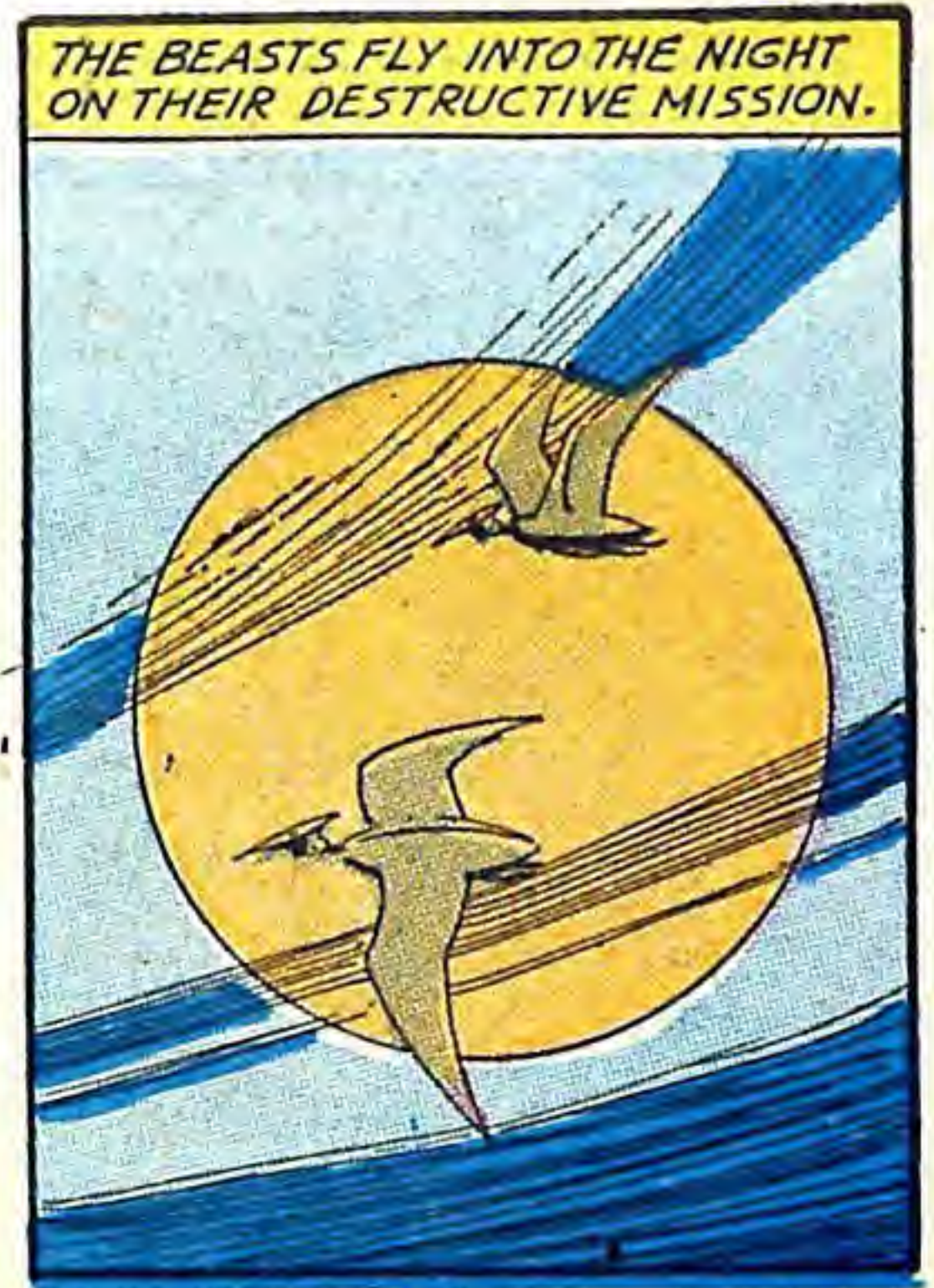




BRING BACK GLORIA CARTER. DON'T HARM HER. I WANT HER STRONG AND HEALTHY, SO I CAN TORTURE HER.



HAH! I STRIKE AT A WOMAN AND AVENGE TWO MEN. HER SWEET-HEART, DAN HASTINGS, AND HER FATHER, DR. CARTER OF THE ACADEMY.



THE BEASTS FLY INTO THE NIGHT ON THEIR DESTRUCTIVE MISSION.



THE NEXT MORNING DAN ENTERS THE CARTER HOME...

GOOD MORNING, DR. CARTER. I CAME TO SAY GOODBYE TO YOU AND GLORIA. I'M GOING ON A TRIP.

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SECRET MISSIONS DAN? WELL, GLORIA IS IN HER ROOM.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING... WHAT'S THAT?

THAT SCREAM... SOMETHING HAPPENING TO GLORIA.



GLORIA! DAN DO SOMETHING!

CAN'T USE MY RAY GUN. MIGHT HIT GLORIA!



LET'S FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL IN THE VISUALIZER.

NO NEED TO, I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOING, AND I'M GOING AFTER THEM NOW.



BUT AS DAN PREPARES TO LEAVE...

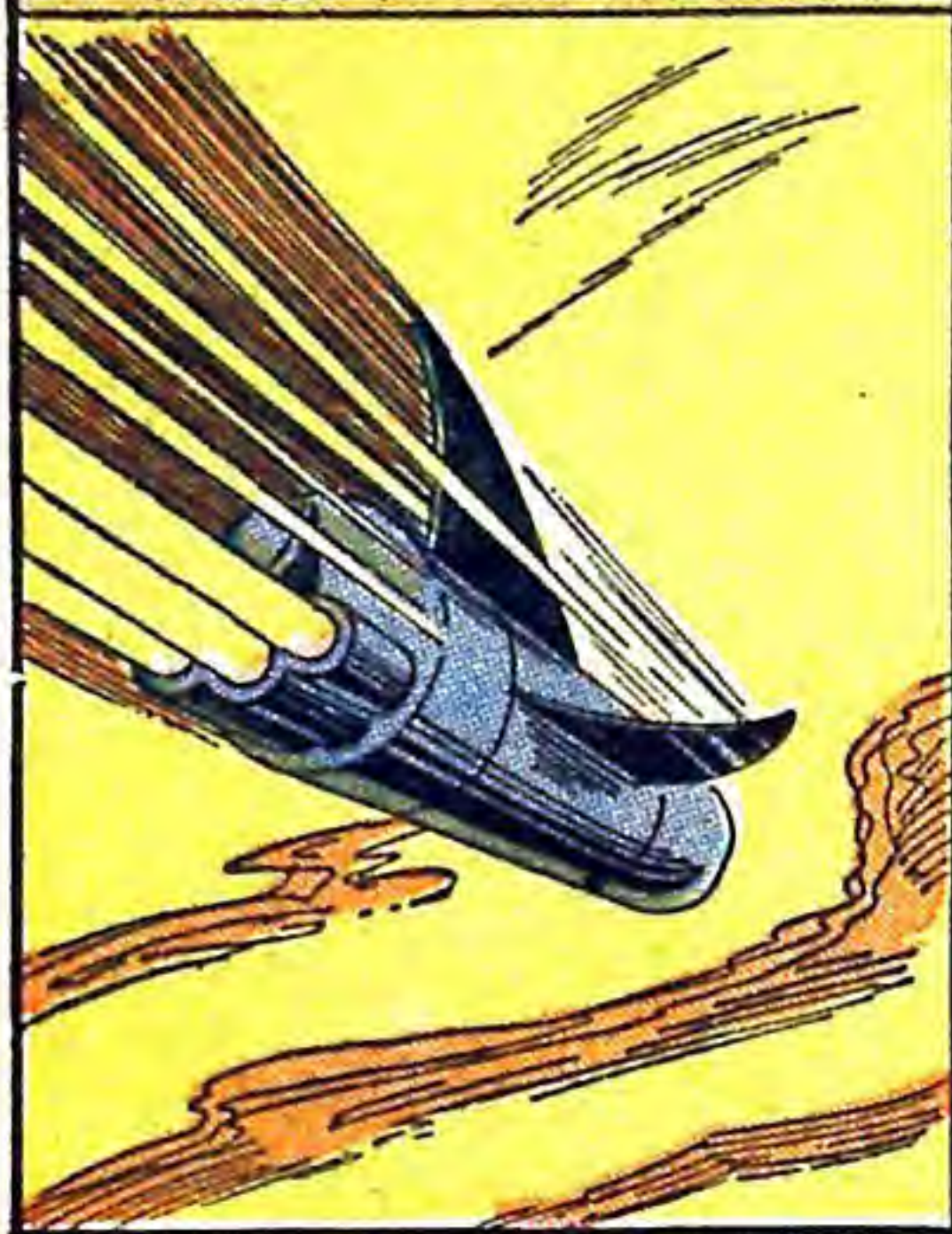
DAN, I WANT TO GO ALONG. GLORIA IS MY DAUGHTER.

I HAVE TO GO ALONE. THIS IS A JOB FOR ONE MAN.



I TRUST IN YOU DAN HASTINGS. I KNOW YOU WILL SAVE US FROM THIS TERRIBLE DISASTER.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, DAN LANDS IN PLEXIS....



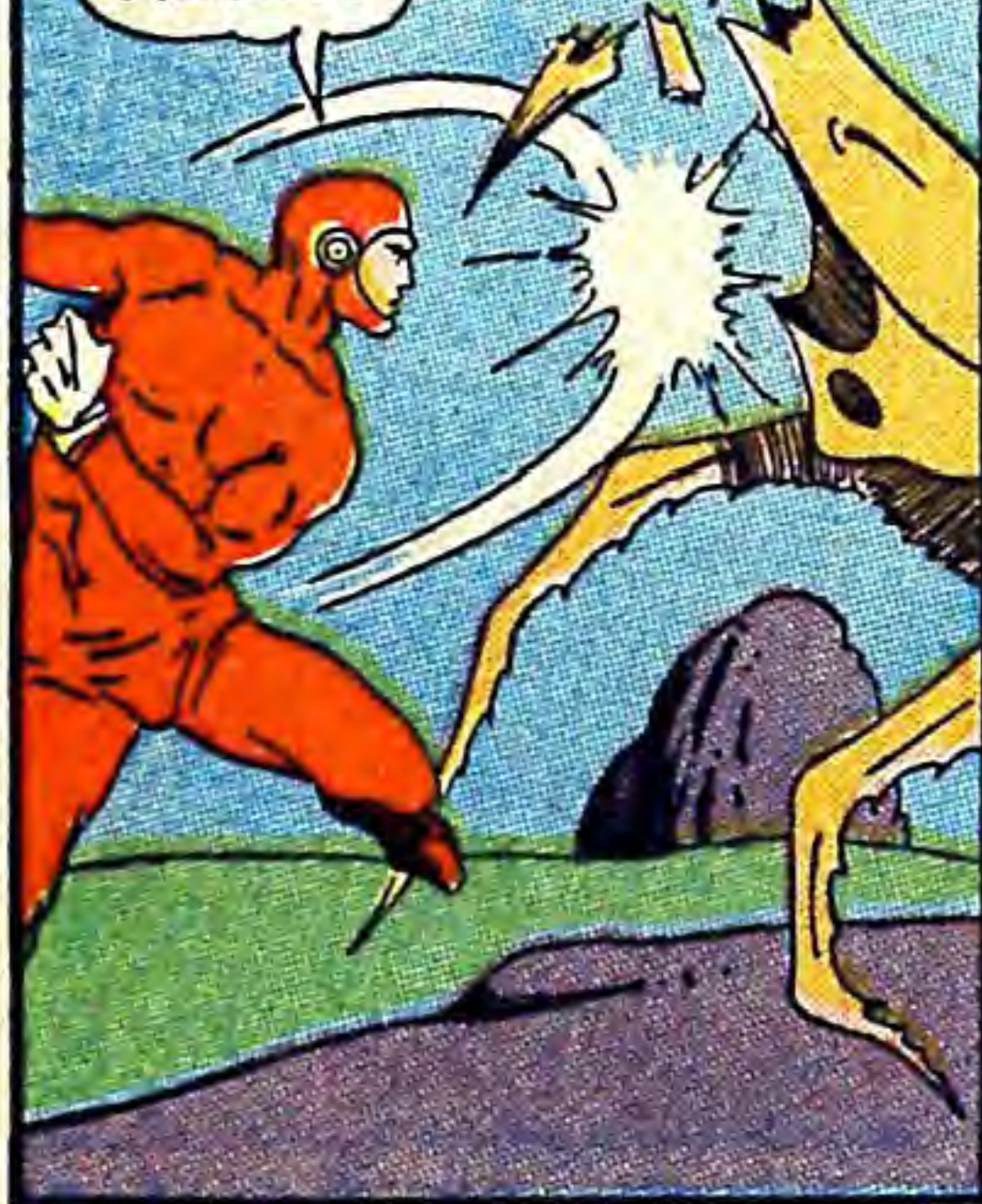
AH! A NICE PLEASANT RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



GREETINGS FROM DAN HASTINGS!



HERE'S SOMETHING WORTH ARKING ABOUT.



GOING HOME TO 'PAPA? WELL, I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM!

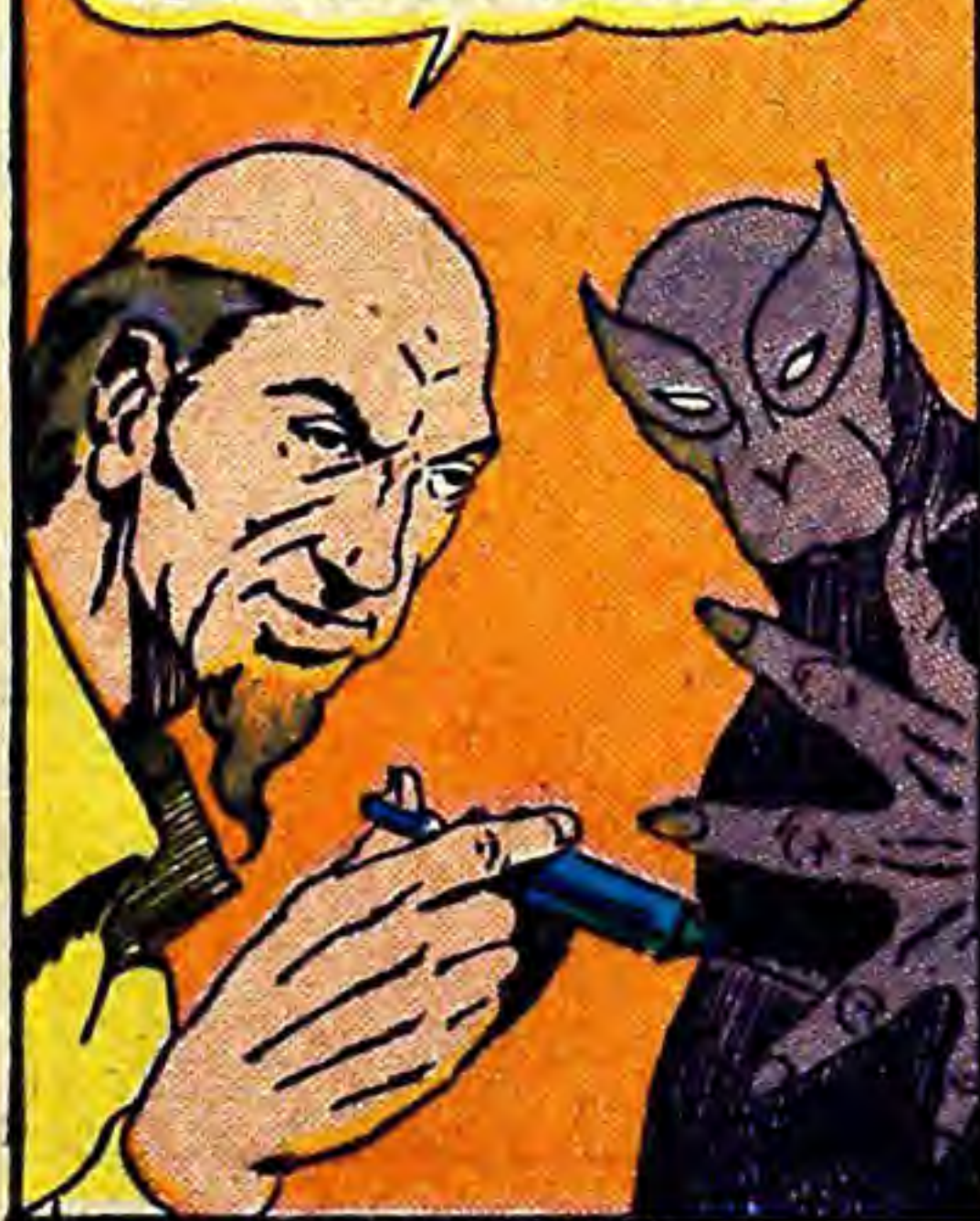


THIS IS THE LAST BEAST IN PLEXIS. I'LL GET RID OF BOTH OF YOU THE SAME WAY. I'LL DISSOLVE YOUR BODY'S PIECE BY PIECE.

YOU BEAST!



JUST ENOUGH SERUM TO TAKE OFF HIS FLESH.



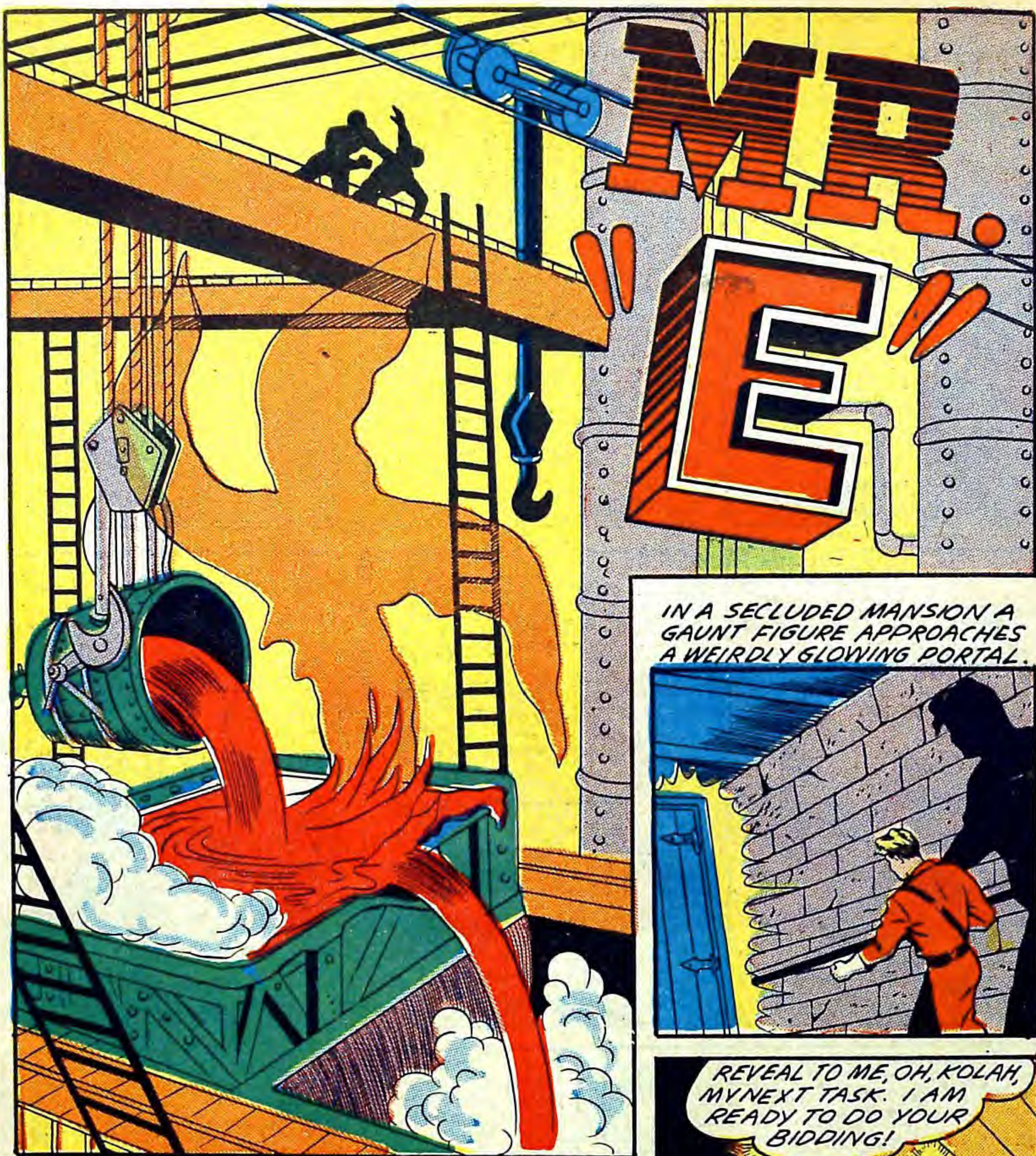
AND I HAVE AN EQUAL DOSE FOR YOU.



AND NOW I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE SAMPLE OF MY POWER.







SCRAP IRON NEEDED TO BLAST A PATH STRAIGHT TO TOKYO. BUT ONE LOAD OF VITALLY NEEDED METAL MEANT WORK STOPPAGE, TERROR AND DEATH. THE ONLY POWER STRONG ENOUGH TO HALT THIS MONSTROUS MENACE WAS "MR. E". COULD HE BRAVE THE SINISTER PERIL TO SMASH THIS DREADED CONSPIRACY?



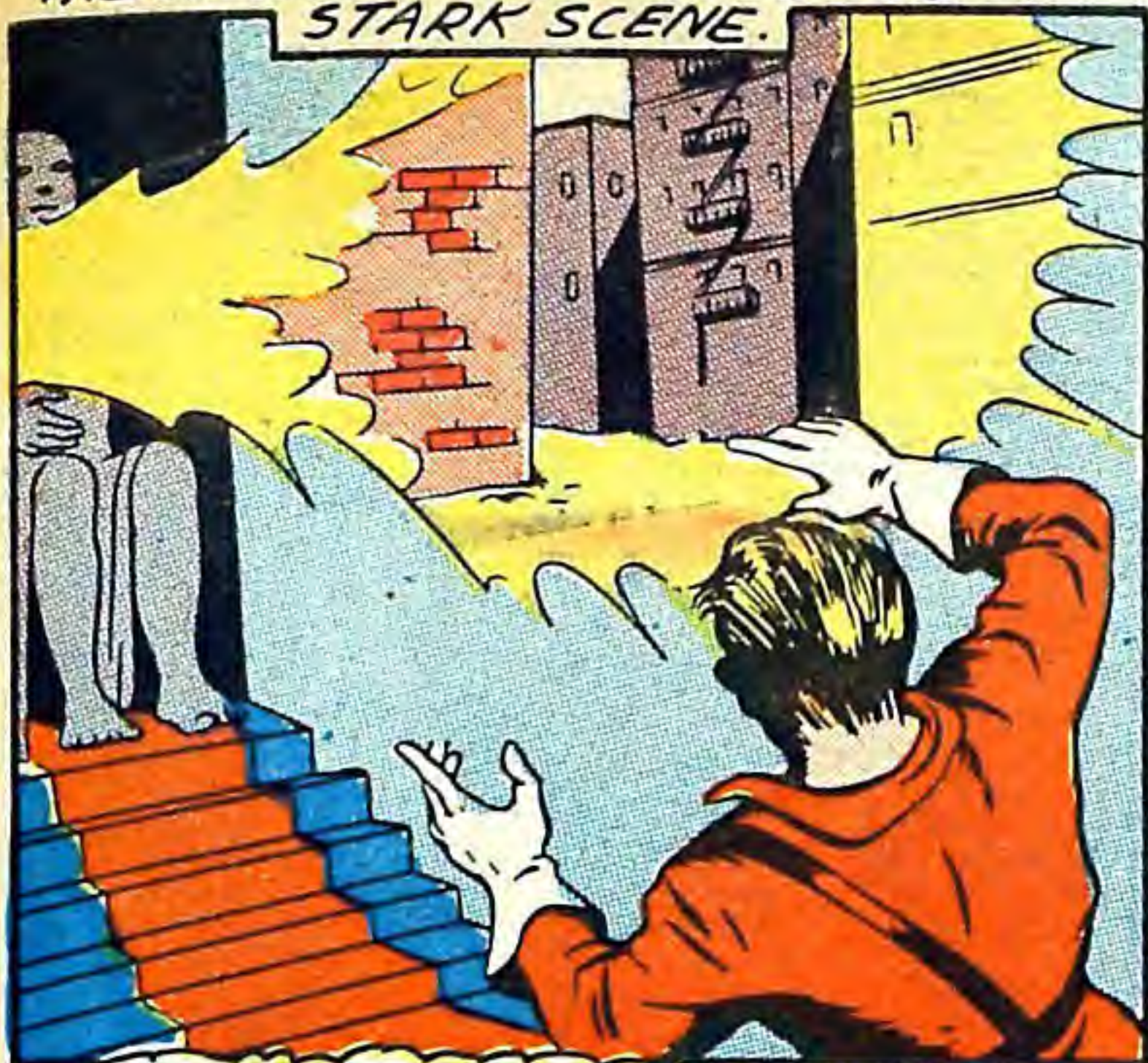
IN A SECLUDED MANSION A GAUNT FIGURE APPROACHES A WEIRDLY GLOWING PORTAL.



REVEAL TO ME, OH, KOLAH, MY NEXT TASK. I AM READY TO DO YOUR BIDDING!



SUDDENLY A BLINDING FLASH FROM THE ANCIENT IDOL REVEALS A STARK SCENE.



IN A SPLIT SECOND ANOTHER PICTURE BURSTS BEFORE "MR. E"'S STARTLED STARE.



THAT FLASH HOLDS THE SECRET OF THE HALCROFT STEEL MILL'S THREATENED DESTRUCTION!



AN HOUR LATER---

THIS IS THE TOWN. I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET. FIRST I'LL LOCATE THE HOUSE SHOWN ME BY KOLAH.



IN ANOTHER SECTION OF HALCROFT --

THIS METAL JA! THE EXPLOSIVE SCRAP CAPSULE METAL WILL DESTROY THE STEEL MILL. A VICTORY FOR DER FEU HRER!!



TAKE THE SCRAP TO THE MILL. HAYS, THE FOREMAN, WILL DUMP IT INTO THE CAULDRONS. THE CAPSULE TAKES FIVE MINUTES TO EXPLODE. ENOUGH TIME FOR OUR MEN TO ESCAPE!



AT THAT MOMENT...

THE SAME PLACE THAT I SAW IN THE FLASH! THE FIRE ESCAPE LEADS TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW!



RUSTY STEPS CREAK EERILY...



THAT METAL, THAT'S THE STUFF THEY INTEND TO USE TO BLOW UP THE MILL. BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT!

SUDDENLY--

HIMMEL! THAT MAN. QUICK! SHOOT HIM!



HOLD IT! ONE MOVE AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT.



GOOD WORK! PERHAPS THIS WILL TEACH THE MYSTERY MAN NOT TO FOOL WITH THE FUEHRER'S AGENTS.



MINUTES LATER--
COME, ENOUGH TIME HAS BEEN WASTED! GO TO THE MILL WITH THIS SCRAP!



STILL LATER--

NOW WE'LL TRY GESTAPO METHODS TO FIND WHAT HE KNOWS OF OUR PLANS. HAND ME THE WHIP!



WAKE UP!



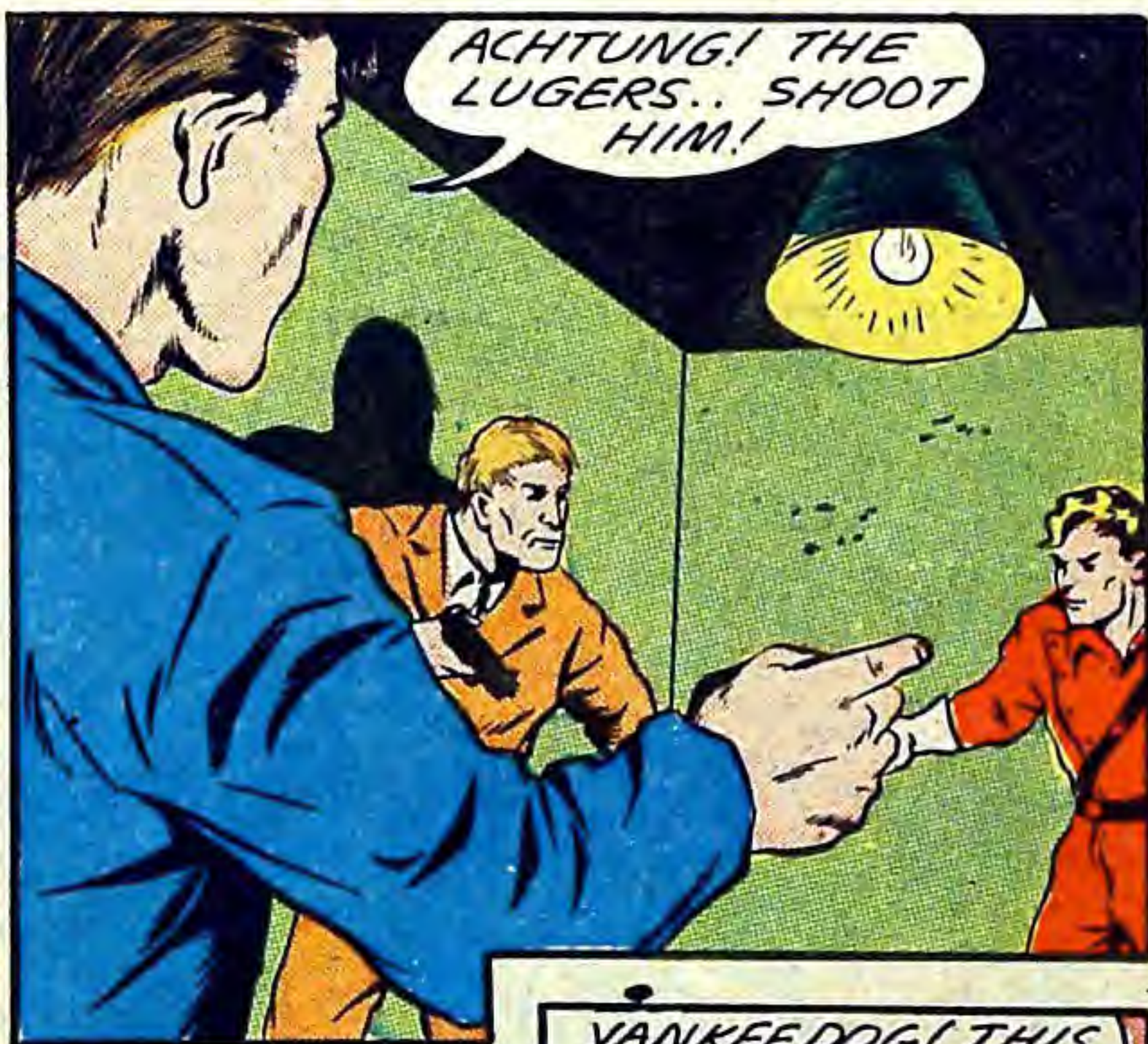
WH-WHERE AM I? WAIT, NOW I REMEMBER. BUT I'VE GOT WORK FAST. THE OTHERS LEFT FOR THE STEEL MILL.



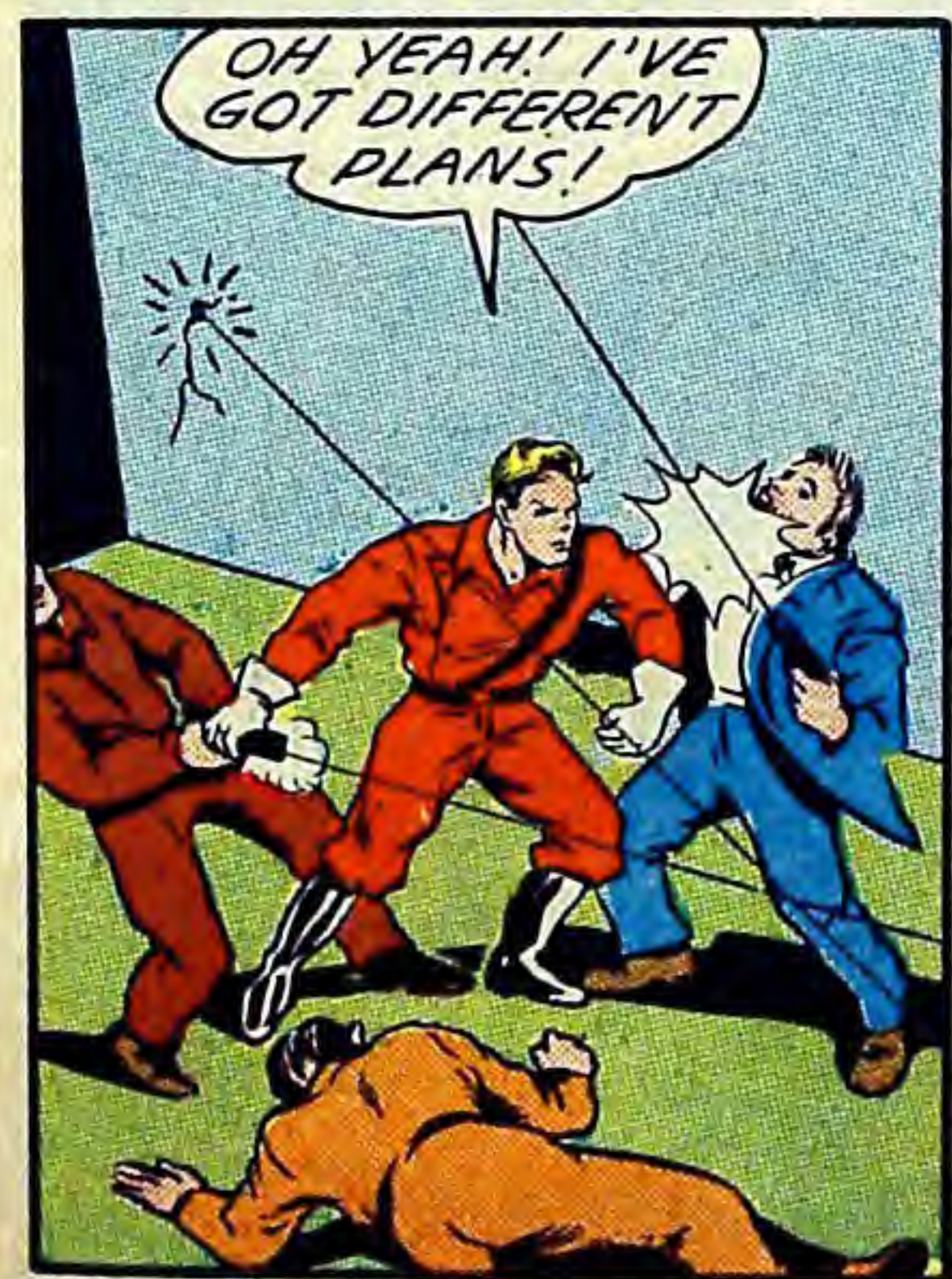
QUICK! WHO ARE YOU? SPEAK OR THIS WHIP WILL SHRED YOUR FLESH!



SUDDENLY---



ACHTUNG! THE LUGERS.. SHOOT HIM!



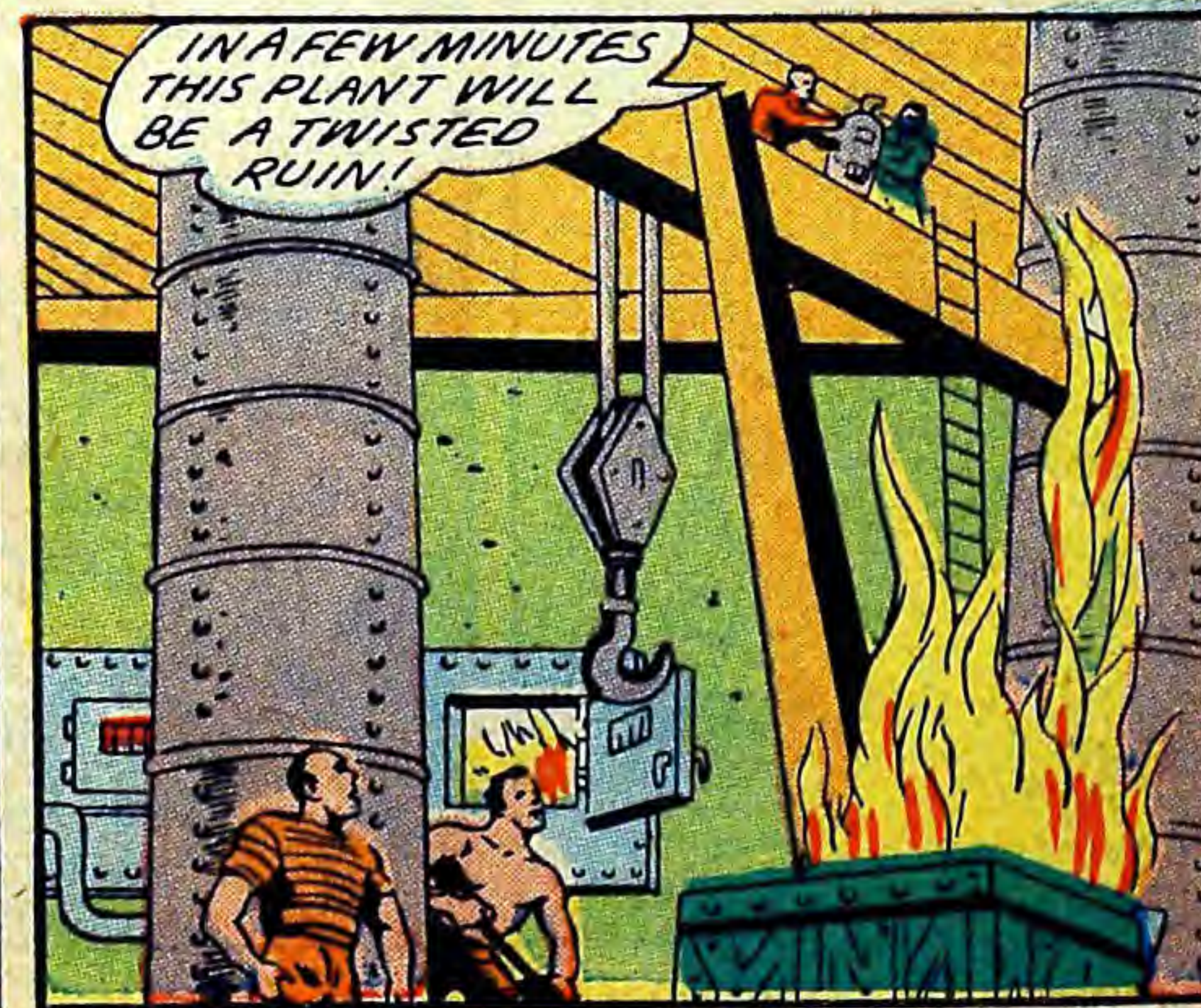
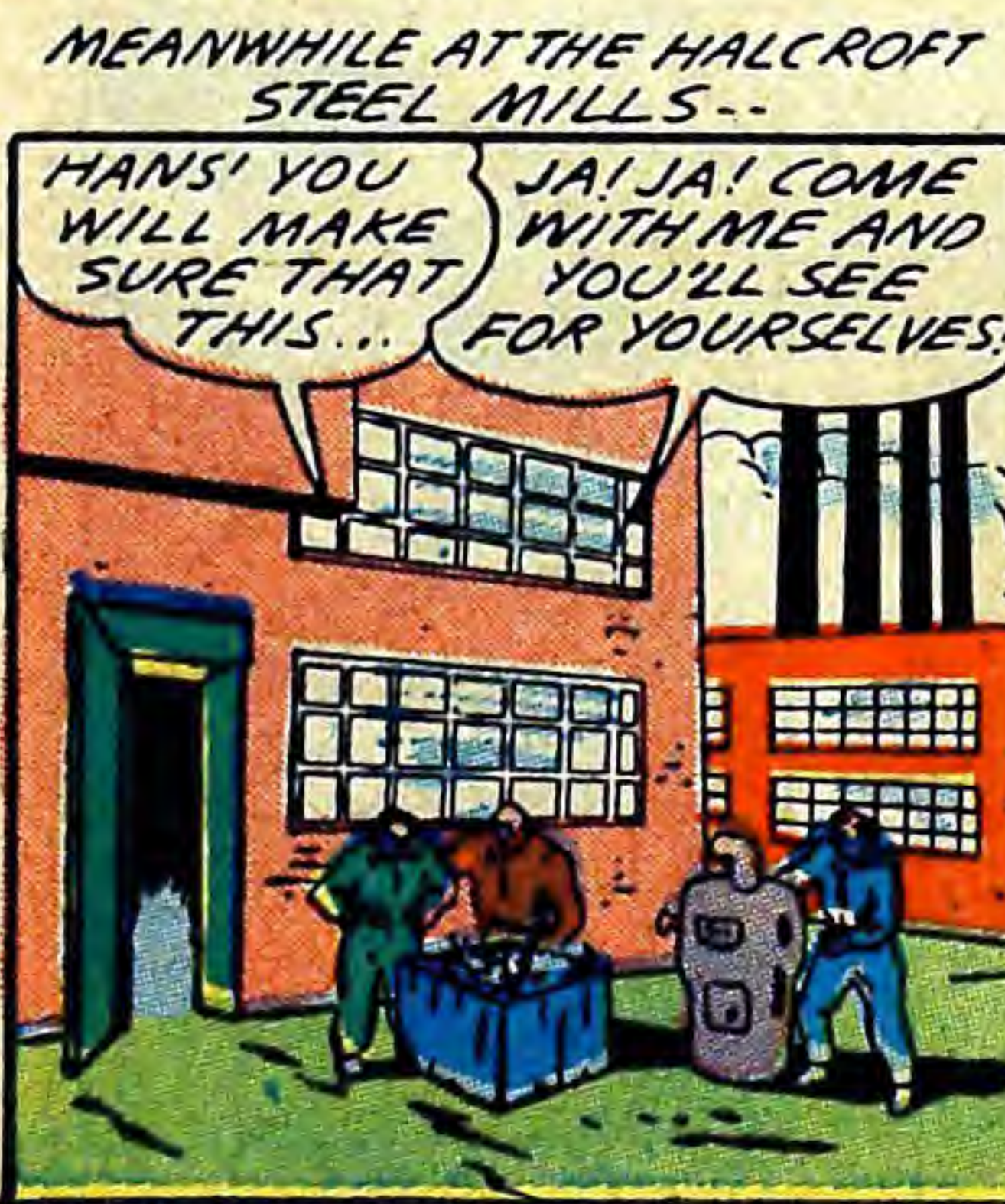
OH YEAH! I'VE GOT DIFFERENT PLANS!

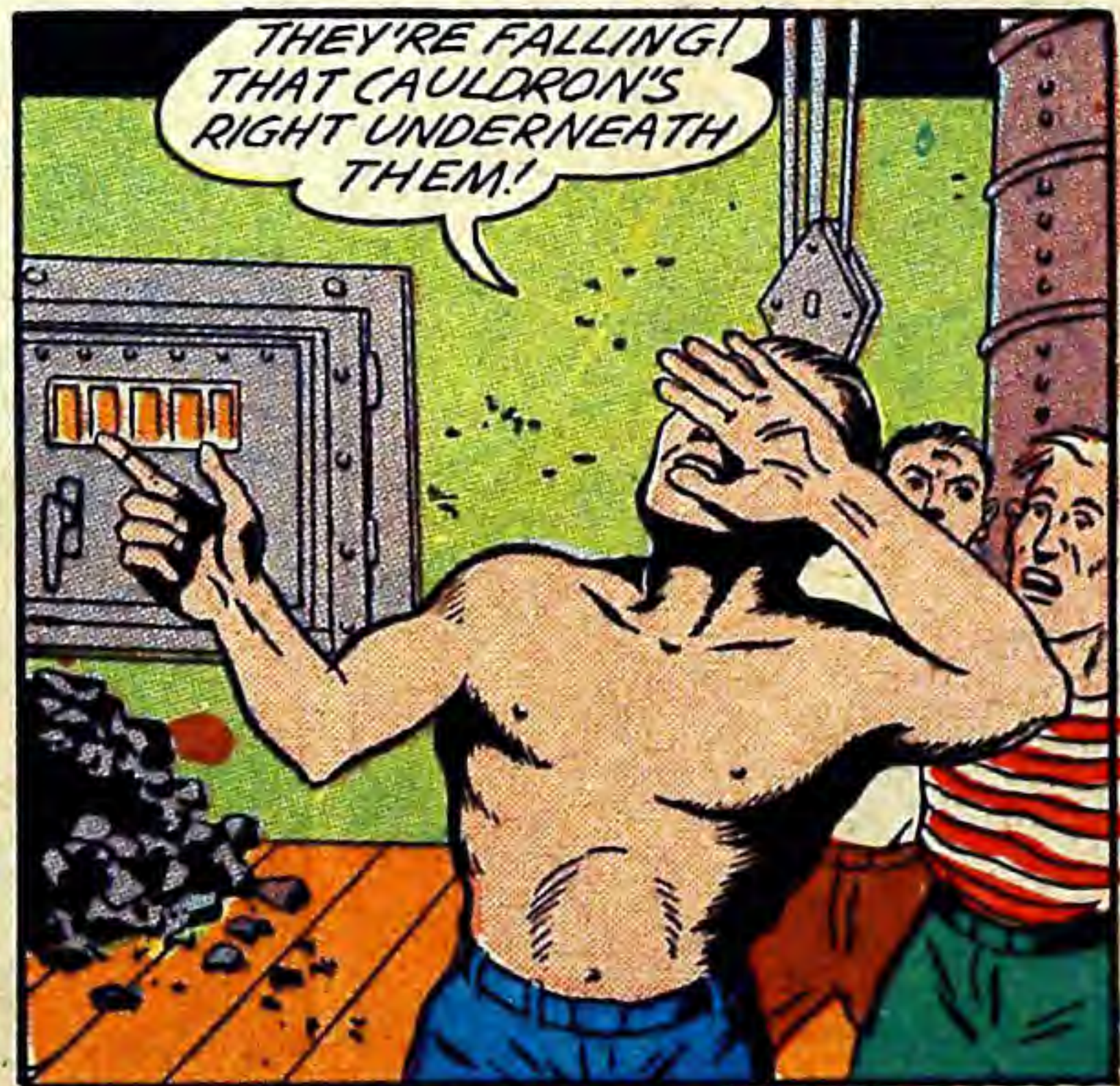
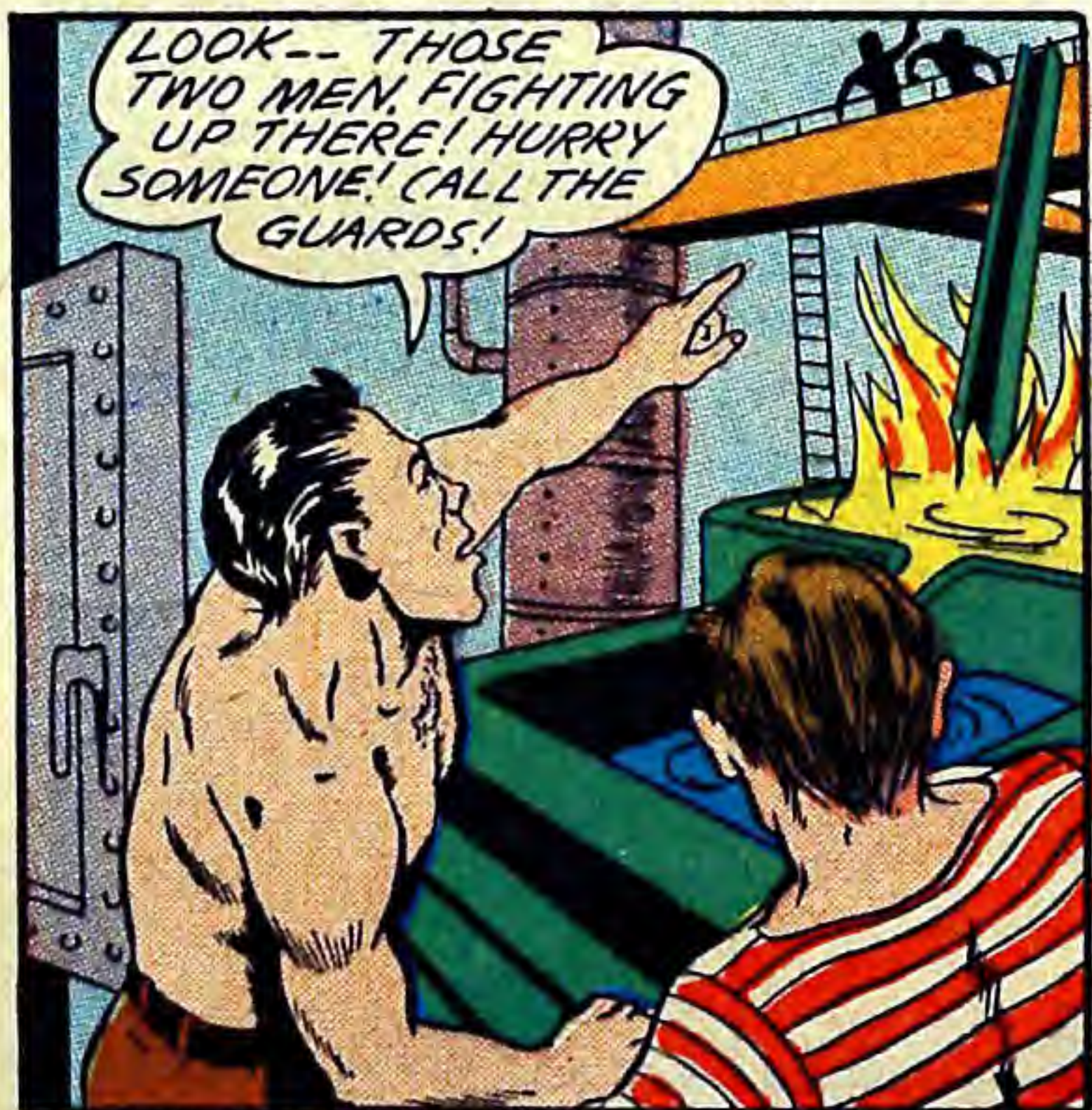
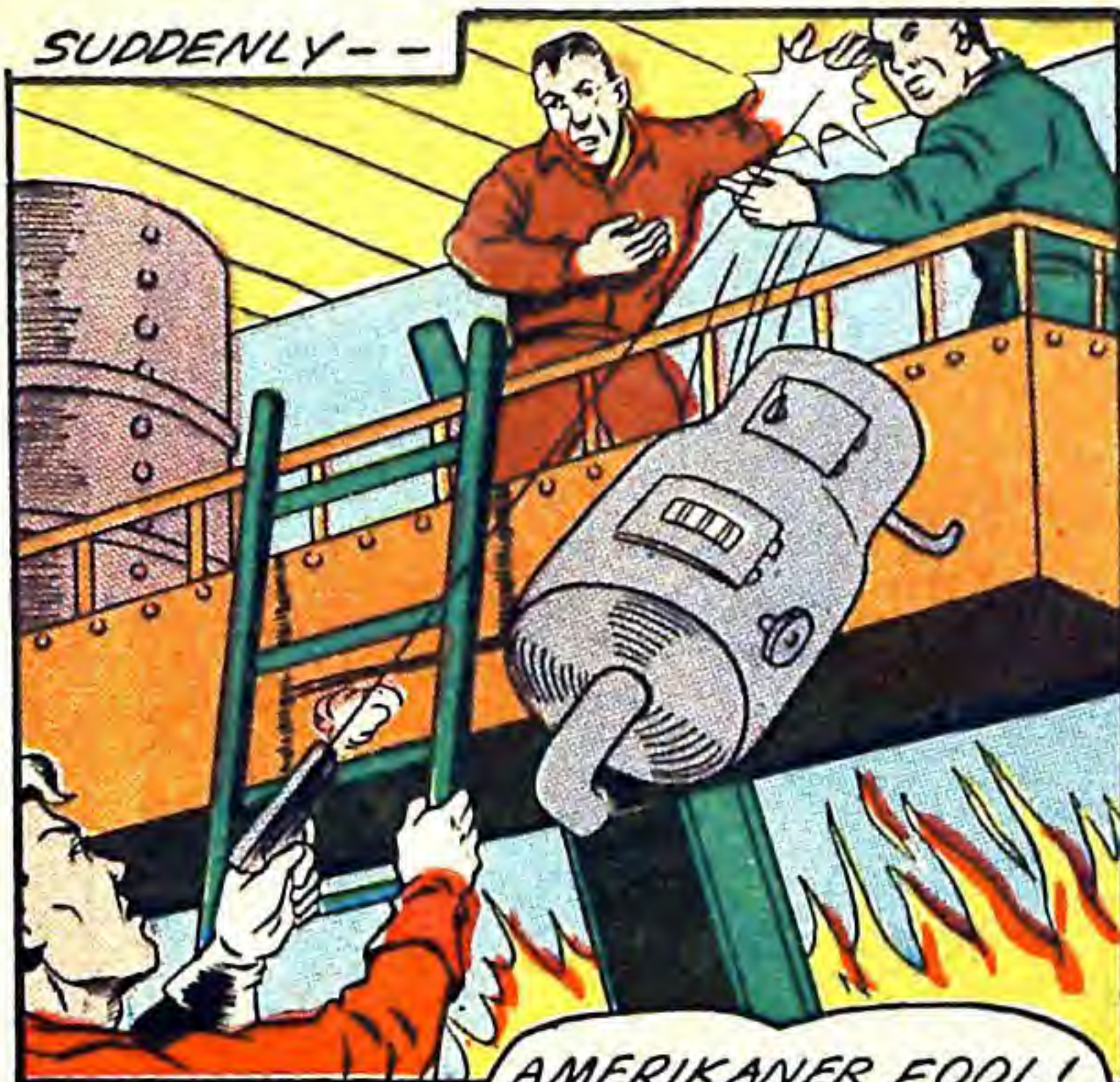
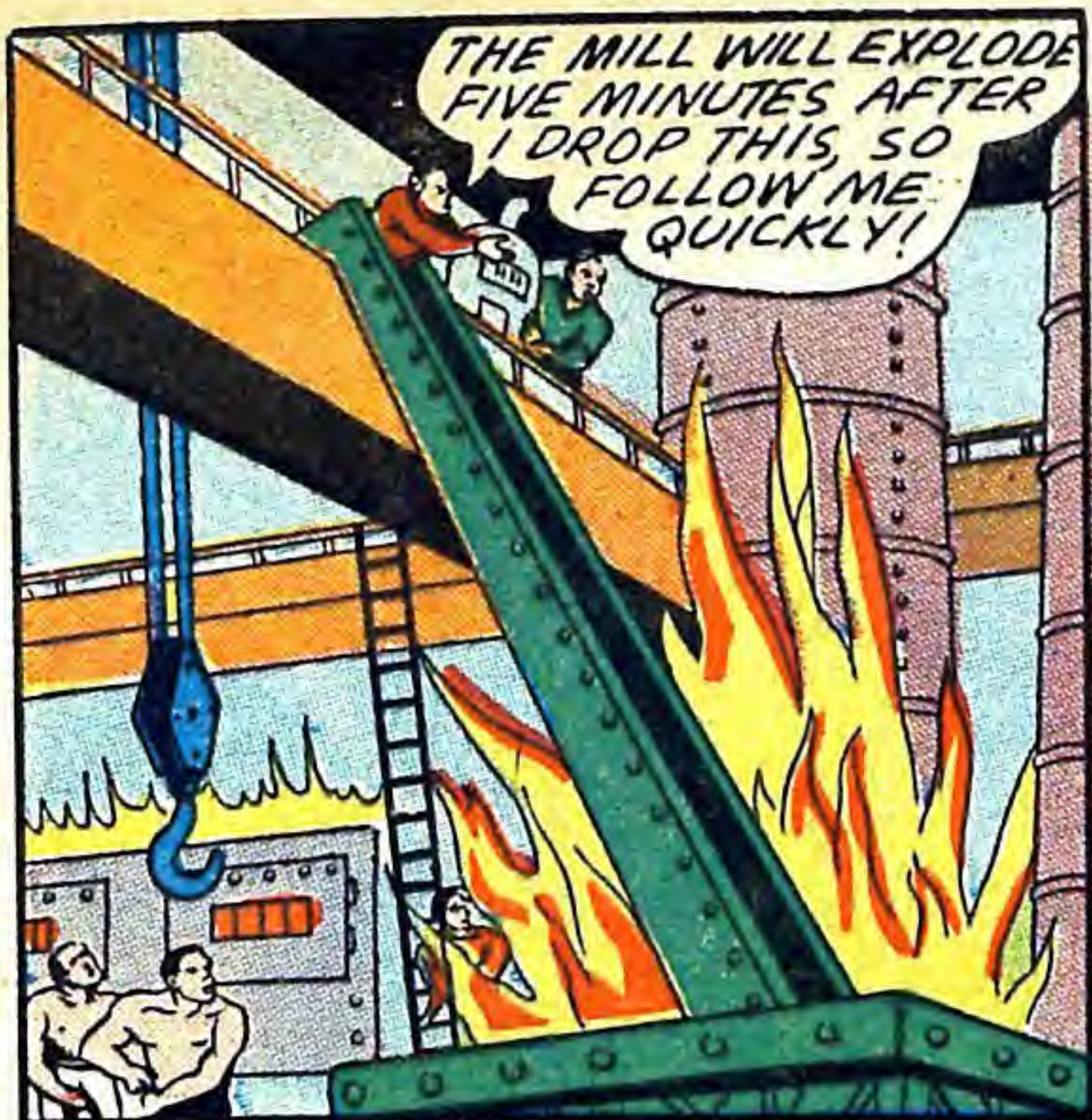


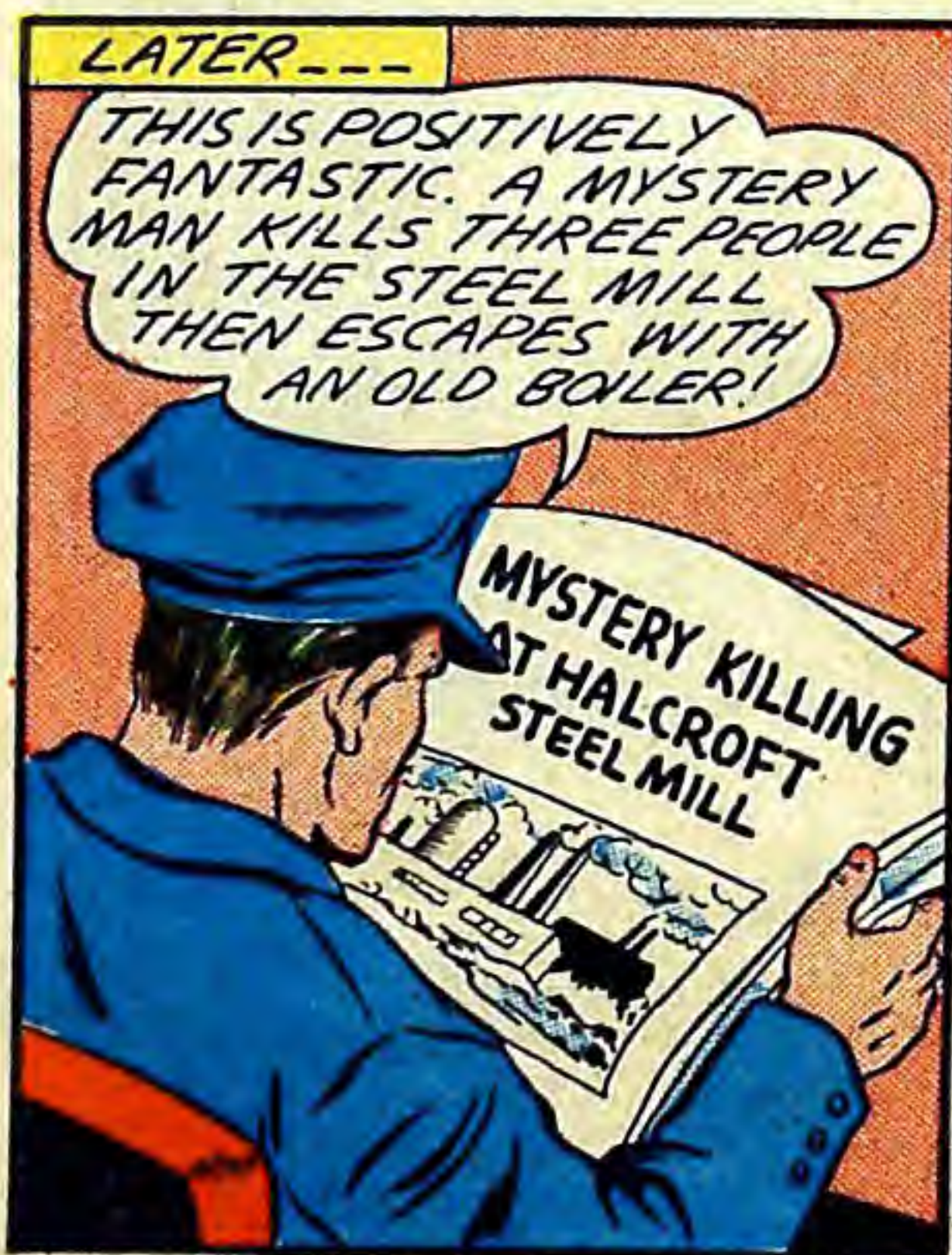
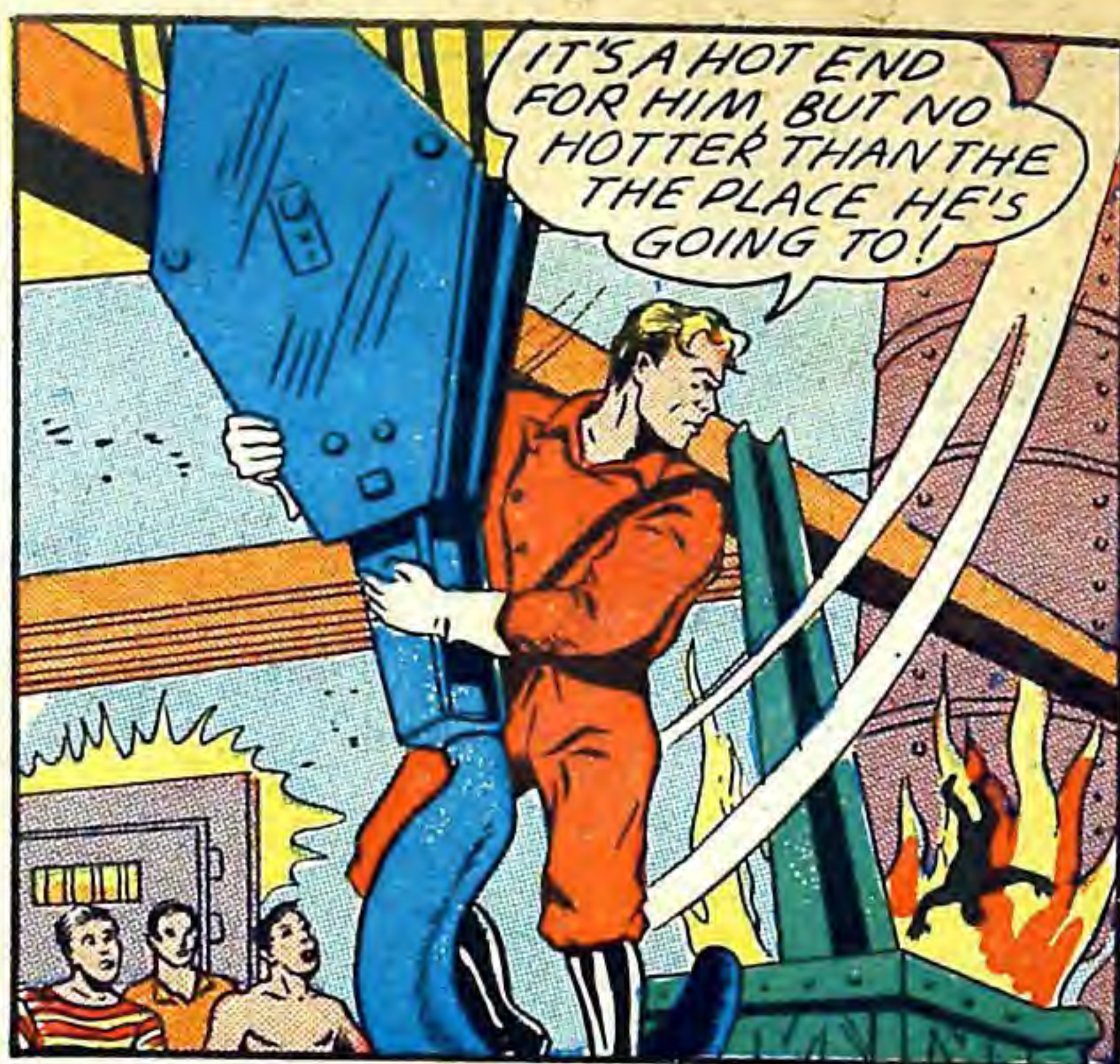
HE FIGHTS NO BULLETS.. LIKE A DEMON! BUT I'LL SMASH HIS SKULL!



YANKEE DOG! THIS IS YOUR REWARD FOR INTERFERING WITH US!









**HEY, FELLERS!
YOU SHOULD'VE
SEEN JIMMY
LICK BIG BUTCH
WITH JU-JITSU!**

**THE BIG BULLY! ALWAYS
PICKING ON SMALLER
KIDS.**



**I'M GOING TO TEACH
THAT GUY A LESSON.**

**IT'S NO USE, JIMMY,
BUTCH IS TOO BIG FOR YOU.**



**I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT. I'VE GOT A FEW
TRICKS UP MY
SLEEVE.**

**WOW! LOOK AT JIMMY FIGHT.
I'M GOING TO LEARN
LIGHTNING JU-JITSU
TOO!**



**ARE
YOU
BEING
PUSHED AROUND
BY BIGGER
FELLOWS?**

Have you been "scared" of some one because he knows how to box or wrestle and you don't? Have you thought of yourself as just not being able to fight at all?

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**JUST A
SAMPLE
OF WHAT
YOU'LL FIND
IN THIS
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- How to beat a wrestler
- How to hit where it hurts
- How to break a body grip
- The answer to a right hook
- How to break a wrist-lock
- How to break a half-nelson
- How to break a strangle-hold
- How to disarm a hold-up man
- How to flip a man over your hip
- How to apply the "teeth-rattler"
- How to knock-out an enemy with one blow
- How to somersault a man over your shoulder
- AND STILL MORE,**

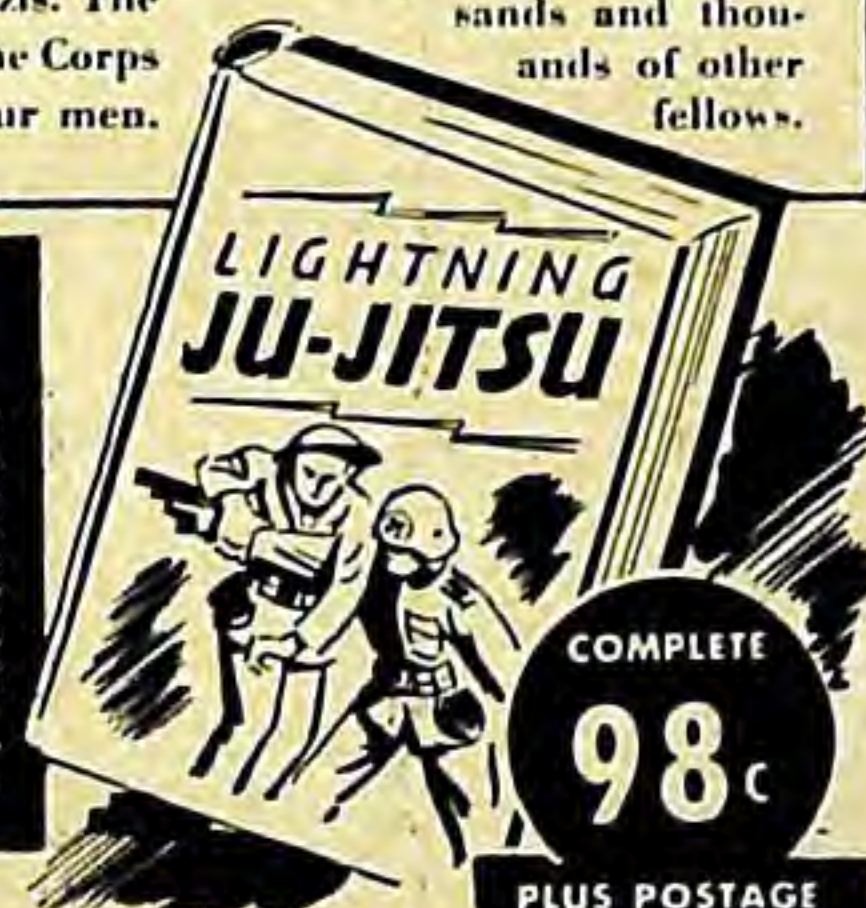
GET AS TOUGH AS THE COMMANDOS!

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BOY, WHAT A
PLANE! HOW'D
YU MAKE IT?

CINCH! I USED
AN X-ACTO
SET - FOR
SPEED AND
ACCURACY!

SOME KNIFE!
AND THE
BLADES ARE
SO EASY TO
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE -
IN ABOUT A
SECOND; 8
BLADES, TOO
- ONE FOR
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-
OFF - A BIG, DETAILED
INSTRUCTION BOOK -
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GEE! I WANT
TO MAKE NAVY
MODELS, TOO!
I'LL ASK DAD
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,
DAD -
THANKS A
MILLION!

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HERE'S THE
MONEY.
YOU'RE SERVING
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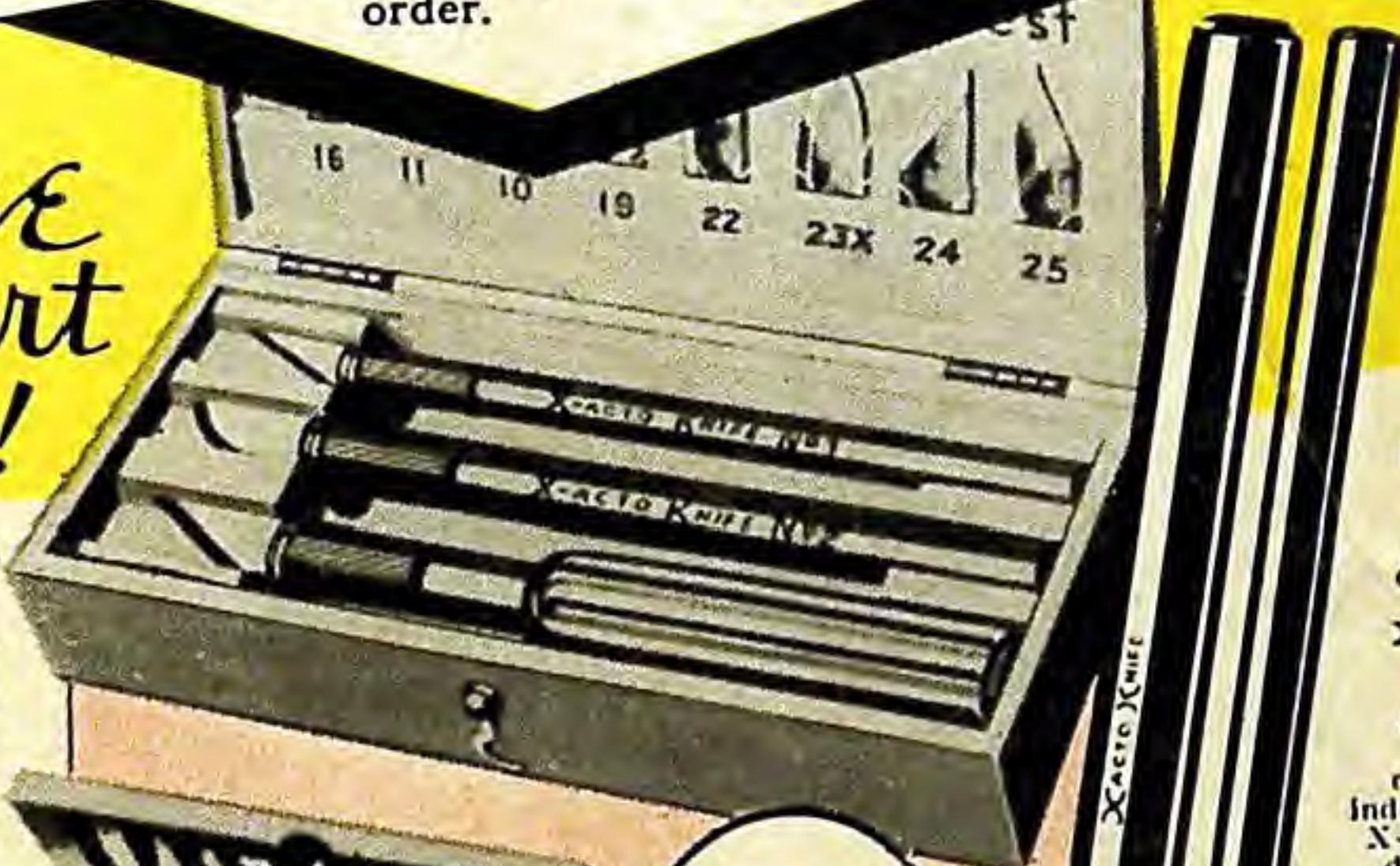
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Complete

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☐ I will pay postman: \$..... plus postage on arrival.
☐ Enclosed find \$..... in full payment.
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82 - \$3.50 ☐ Kit No. 62 - \$2.00
☐ No. 1 (light) - with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 51 - with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00. ☐ No. 2 (heavy) - with one blade 50c. ☐ No. 52 - with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

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your
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doesn't
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X-ACTO,
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direct.
Send
coupon.
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